



Class PRA101

Book M 2

1894

POEMS 71

NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL.

P O E M S

NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL,

B Y

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THIRD EDITION.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM D. TICKNOR & COMPANY.
MDCCXLIV.

PR 5101
M 3
1844

PRINTED BY GEORGE COOLIDGE,
57 Washington Street.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E A M E R I C A N E D I T I O N .



How such a genuine literary treasure as Motherwell's Poems should have so long escaped the notice of publishers, ever on the lookout for what they may appropriate and again lucratively disperse,—how so rare an exotic should have been until now neglected in the daily indiscriminate transplantation of so many fruit-bearing and barren trees,—of choice flowers and unsightly weeds, is difficult to explain; but so it has been. From this circumstance, and the scarcity of the only edition ever published, these poems are known to but few, or if to many, only to a partial extent, from occasional reprints in newspapers of the day; and of their great merit,—a merit sufficient to place them among the choicest productions of their class,—the literary public are mostly ignorant. Varied in style and subject, the author seems always at home and at ease; whether he sings of love or battle, he is equally in spirit; his poetry is the same full stream, whether it flow quietly amid myrtle groves or foam along a battle-field, bearing upon its bosom a Norseman's fleet. In his Scandinavian poetry the spirit of an ancient Scald seems in truth to peal forth. The notes are not those of a soft lute from silken string or silver wire, but are tones wrung from one of their own rude harps, sinew-strung, whose measures are marked by the sword-struck shield, and whose pauses are filled

by the shout of the warriors or the roar of the keel-cleft wave. The selection of the pure Saxon, and the perfect adaptation of its rich, full accents to the sense in ‘The Battle-Flag of Sigurd,’ and ‘The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi,’ is particularly admirable, and the thorough manner in which the author enters into the untutored spirit of the Norse Warrior in ‘The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrim,’ is equally worthy of note. The Scandinavian Sea-King does not come like a modern lover, filled with protestations of his own unworthiness. Hear his manly confidence;

‘ Ay, Daughter of Einar,
Right tall mayst thou stand,
It is a Vikingir
Who kisses thy hand.’

He offers no flowers, he promises no rich jewels;—

—‘ Gifts yet more princely
Jarl Egill bestows,
For girdle his great arm
Around thee he throws ;
The bark of a sea-king
For palace, gives he,
While mad waves and winds shall
Thy true subjects be.’

To the last, no puling sentiment,—no unmanly flattery escapes his lips. He neither compares her to a gem or a flower, nor exalts her to an angel or divinity; but tells her

‘ Fair Daughter of Einar
Deem high of the fate
That makes thee, like this blade,
Proud Egill’s loved mate.’

The remarks of the author in the dedication, concerning the knowledge of Norse poetry, do not justly apply in this country, as it is but lately that our attention has been turned to it, principally through productions and translations of professor Longfellow. It was therefore at first contemplated adding a glossary to this edition; but it was found, that to the imitation of the old Scottish ballad, almost a verbatim translation would have to be given, increasing the size of the book unduly. Besides this, much danger would be incurred of insulting many readers by explanations of words, which, although seldom met with in general use, might, from their particular course of reading, be quite familiar; so that the same conclusion was arrived at to which the author himself had previously come,—to leave it as it is, and trust that the interest which the reader will take in what he does understand, will induce him to seek for the easily attained explanation of what he may not.

* ‘ Of ‘Jeanie Morrison,’ ‘ Wearie’s Well,’ and ‘ My Heid is like to rend, Willie,’ it were idle now to speak; they are amongst the most pathetic effusions of the Scottish muse — full of a soft voluptuous tenderness of feeling, and steeped in a rich tissue of warm poetical coloring, like a transparent veil over a weeping beauty. In another style of poetical composition, Motherwell has rarely been excelled — the sentimental and graceful *vers de société*. Of such are ‘ Love’s Diet,’ ‘ Could love impart,’ &c. In a light airiness, and graceful flexibility of language, and in a pointed but not harsh brevity of diction, in unison with a certain gaiety and feminine elegance of thought, they appear to us to be perfect of their kind.

‘ The events in the life and fortunes of a man of letters, are seldom of so salient a character, or of such a stimulating variety,

* The following paragraphs are from ‘The Laird of Logan, or Anecdotes and Tales illustrative of the Wit and Humor of Scotland,’ to which Motherwell contributed.

as to form the basis of a narrative, the interest of which will extend beyond the circle of his more intimate friends and associates.

'Mr. Motherwell was born in the city of Glasgow, on the 13th of October, 1797. His family came from Stirlingshire, where they resided for several generations, on a small property belonging to them, called Muirmill. Early in life he was transferred to the care of an uncle in Paisley. There he received the principal part of a rather liberal education, and there he began the career of a citizen of the world, as an apprentice to the profession of law. So great was the confidence reposed in him, that at the early age of twenty-one he was appointed Sheriff-Clerk-Depute at Paisley—a situation very respectable, and of considerable responsibility, though by no means lucrative. In 1828, he became editor of the Paisley Advertiser, a journal wherein he zealously advocated Tory politics, to which he had long previously shown his attachment. During the same year, he conducted the Paisley Magazine—a periodical of local as well as general interest, and which contained many papers of a rare and curious character. In 1829, he resigned the office of Sheriff-Clerk-Depute, and applied himself exclusively to the management of the newspaper, and to literary pursuits.

'In the beginning of 1830, he appeared on a more important theatre, and in a more conspicuous character. He was engaged as editor of the Glasgow Courier—a journal of long standing, of respectable circulation, and of the Ultra-Tory school of politics. Mr. Motherwell conducted this newspaper with great ability, and fully sustained, if he did not at times outgo, its extreme opinions. From the time of his accepting this very responsible situation, to the day of his death—a period of five eventful and troubled years—during which the fever of party politics raged with peculiar virulence in the veins of society, it is universally conceded, by those who were opposed to his political opinions, as well as by the members of his own party, that he sustained

his views with singular ability and indomitable firmness; and if, at times, with a boldness and rough energy, both rash and unwise, the obvious sincerity and personal feeling of the writer elevated him far above the suspicion of being actuated by vulgar or mercenary motives. Motherwell was of small stature, but very stout and muscular in body—accompanied, however, with a large head, and a short thick neck and throat—the precise character of physical structure the most liable to the fatal access of the apoplectic stroke. Accompanied by a literary friend, on the first of November, 1835, he had been dining in the country, about a couple of miles from Glasgow, and, on his return home, feeling indisposed, he went to bed. In a few hours thereafter he awakened, and complained of pain in the head, which increased so much as to render him speechless. Medical assistance was speedily obtained; but, alas! it was of no avail—the blow was struck, and the curtain had finally fallen over the life and fortunes of William Motherwell.—One universal feeling of regret and sympathy seemed to extend over society, when the sudden and premature decease of this accomplished poet, and elegant writer, became known. His funeral was attended by a large body of the citizens, by the most eminent of the learned and literary professions, and by persons of all shades of political opinion. He was interred in the Necropolis of Glasgow, not far from the resting-place of his fast friend, Mr. Andrew Henderson; and the writer of this brief memoir will long remember the feelings of deep regret with which he beheld the long procession of mourners winding its way up the steep ascents of that romantic place of graves, with the mortal remains of his private and literary friend, although firm political opponent.

‘For the information of such of our readers as are not acquainted with the locality, we may mention, that the place of his sepulture is well fitted for the grave of a poet. It is a small piece of level ground, above which bold masses of rock, crowned with trees and shrubs of various kinds, ascend to a considerable

height; and below, the broken ground, richly wooded, and bristling with monumental columns and other erections, slopes beautifully down to the banks of a small lake or dam, terminated by a weir, over which its waters foam and fret at all seasons of the year.

‘ We hope, ere long, that some memorial of our gifted friend will rise amid these congenial shades (where some of the best dust in Glasgow now reposes,) to refresh the eye of friendship, and tell the wandering stranger of ‘the inhabitant who sleeps below.’

‘ In the year 1827, whilst at Paisley, he published his ‘Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern’—a work which raised him at once to a high rank as a literary antiquarian. The introduction, a long and singularly interesting document, exhibits the writer’s extensive acquaintance with the history of the ballad and romantic literature of Scotland—and independent of its merits as a historical and critical disquisition, is in itself a piece of chaste and elegant composition, and vigorous writing. Soon after that he became editor of the Paisley Magazine, and contributed some of the sweetest effusions of his muse to enrich its pages—effusions which now began to interest and concentrate the public attention, until, in 1832, a volume of his poems was published by Mr. David Robertson, Glasgow, which fully established his reputation as one of the sweet singers of his native land. A few months previous to the publication of his poems, another proof of the fertile versatility of his genius was afforded in an elaborate and able preface, which he contributed, to enrich a collection of Scottish Proverbs by his friend Mr. Andrew Henderson. In this essay, Motherwell exhibited a profound acquaintance with the proverbial antiquities of Scotland, and a fine and delicate tact in the management of a somewhat difficult subject. The style is equally elegant and vigorous, and shows him a master of prose, as of poetic composition. In 1836, an edition of the works of Robert Burns, in five volumes, was published, edited by him, in conjunction with the Ettrick Shepherd. A considerable part of the life, with a large amount of notes, critical and illustrative,

were supplied by Motherwell, with his usual ability and copious knowledge of his subject: but literary partnerships are seldom very fortunate in their consequences, and this was not fated to be an especial example of a contrary result.

'Mr. Motherwell was also a considerable contributor to the literary periodical—'The Day'—of which due mention has already been made, and which, for some time, commanded a brilliant range of western talent. His memoirs of Bailie Pirnie formed one of the most amusing and masterly papers in that journal. It is understood he left behind a considerable amount of manuscript; and, amongst other matter, a work embodying the wild legends of the ancient northern nations—a department of antiquarian research to which he was much devoted.* It is to be hoped, that a selection at least from these manuscripts will be laid before the public, as an act of justice to his memory.

'In mixed society, Motherwell was rather reserved, but appeared to enjoy internally 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' amongst his intimate friends and associates, who were but few in number. Amongst these, the principal were David Carrick and Andrew Henderson. Opposite as in most respects were the characters and pursuits of these three individuals, a certain community of taste and feeling formed a bond of union amongst them: and it was rather amusing to observe, how their comparatively neutralizing qualities dovetailed so naturally and finely into each other, as to form a harmonious concord. The constitutional reserve and silent habits of Motherwell—the quiet drollery and sly humour of Carrick—with the irritable and somewhat explosive abruptness of Henderson, formed a melange, so happily constituted, and so bizarre frequently in its results, that those who had access to their frequent symposia, will long remember the richness of the cordial and original compound. There was a depth of charac-

* A portion of this, under the title of 'The Doomed Nine, or the Langbein Riters,' appeared in the Paisley Magazine, pp. 60 and 346.'

ter, however, in Motherwell, which placed him naturally at the head of this firm fellowship; and though apparently the least *motive* of the party, his opinions on most points, with his tastes and wishes, were generally a law to the others.'

Even with this limited knowledge, a reader of these poems cannot help acquiring an unusual interest in the author; and he irresistibly feels that it is no feigned cry, but the genuine groans of a deeply wounded spirit, that he hears in 'O Agony! keen Agony!'—that it is the true sentiment that sighs forth in 'Mournfully! O Mournfully,'—that it is the waywardness of the writer himself that exclaims, 'Sing high, sing low, thou moody wind,'—and his own disappointed hopes that try to buoy themselves up by asking 'What is Glory? What is Fame?'—or talking so resignedly of 'The darkness of a nameless tomb,' and this feeling is still increased by the perusal of the poem which concludes this volume, and which is now for the first time published in this form,—a poem touching in itself, but rendered still more so when known to have been found upon his desk just after his death.

TO

WILLIAM KENNEDY, ESQ.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,

At the suggestion of some mutual friends, I have been induced to collect these stray verses of mine into a volume, which I have now the pleasure of dedicating to you, as a memorial of earlier days, and of my unaltered feelings of friendship and esteem for you.

I have been told that several of the pieces, in order to be intelligible to the general reader, required the aid of notes. To the critical opinion of others, I am always inclined to defer; but to have loaded a volume of such slender dimensions as the present, with historical annotation, would, I think, have gone far to mar its appearance as a book, as well as to have given it an air of pedantry, which I dislike.

In this I may be wrong; but according to my apprehension, the only pieces in the volume which need the desiderated illustration, are the first three. These, I may mention, are intended to be a faint shadowing forth of something like the form and spirit of Norse poetry; but all that is historical about them is contained in the proper names. The first, 'Sigurd's Battle-Flag,' does not follow the story as given in the Nothern Sagas, but only adopts the incident of the Magic Standard, which carries victory to the party by whom it is displayed, but certain death to its bearer.

'Jarl Egill Skallagrim's Wooing Song' is entirely a creation, and nothing of it is purely historical, save the preserving of the name of that warrior and Skald. From the memorials, however,

he has left us of himself, I think he could not well have wooed in a different fashion from that which I have chosen to describe. As for ‘Thorstein Raudi,’ or the red, that is a name which occurs in Northern history; but, as may well be supposed, he never said so much in all his life about his sword or himself, as I have taken the fancy of putting into his mouth. The allusions made to Northern mythology, are or should be, familiar to almost every one.

The Scottish words and Scottish mode of orthography, adopted in a few other little pieces, will, I dare say, be quite intelligible even to English readers. They have been long familiarized with our vernacular dialect, through the writings of Burns and Scott; and if they cannot yet master its difficulties, all that can reasonably be said of them is, that they are very unapt scholars.

And now, my dear Kennedy, having made these explanations for the satisfaction of the courteous and gentle reader, I, in the fulness of a friendly heart, inscribe this volume to you, as an earnest of the admiration I entertain for your genius, and as a tribute of my unabated affection and friendship towards you, amidst all the vicissitudes and turmoil of this weary life. I wish I could with any degree of modesty, apply to it the title of an old poetical miscellany, and characterize it as ‘A posie of gelly flowers, eche differing from other in color and odor yet all swete.’ This may not be. As it is, however, you have it; and with it, the sincere regard of

Your old and affectionate friend,

W. MOTHERWELL.

GLASGOW, OCT. 13, 1832.

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P O E M S .

P O E M S.

THE BATTLE-FLAG OF SIGURD.

I.

THE eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand ;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land !

Again, their long keels sheer the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze ;
Again, the reckless and the brave,
Ride lords of weltering seas.

Nor swifter from the well-bent bow
Can feathered shaft be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow
Their snorting galleys tread.

Then lift the can to bearded lip,
And smite each sounding shield,

Wassaile ! to every dark-ribbed ship,
To every battle-field !
So proudly the Skalds raise their voices of triumph,
As the Northmen ride over the broad-bosom'd billow.

II.

Aloft, Sigurdir's battle-flag
Streams onward to the land,
Well may the taint of slaughter lag
On yonder glorious strand.
The waters of the mighty deep,
The wild birds of the sky,
Hear it like vengeance shoreward sweep,
Where moody men must die.
The waves wax wroth beneath our keel,—
The clouds above us lower,
They know the battle-sign, and feel
All its resistless power !
Who now uprears Sigurdir's flag,
Nor shuns an early tomb ?
Who shoreward through the swelling surge,
Shall bear the scroll of doom ?
So shout the Skalds, as the long ships are nearing
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

III.

Silent the Self-devoted stood
Beside the massive tree ;
His image mirror'd in the flood
Was terrible to see !
As leaning on his gleaming axe,
And gazing on the wave,
His fearless soul was churning up
The death-rune of the brave.
Upheaving then his giant form
Upon the brown bark's prow,
And tossing back the yellow storm
Of hair from his broad brow ;
The lips of song burst open, and
The words of fire rushed out,
And thundering through that martial crew
Pealed Harald's battle shout ; —

It is Harald the Dauntless that lifteth his great voice,
As the Northmen roll on with the doom-written banner.

IV.

‘ I bear Sigurdir’s battle-flag
Through sunshine, or through gloom ;
Through swelling surge on bloody strand
I plant the scroll of doom !

On Scandia's lonest, bleakest waste,
Beneath a starless sky,
The Shadowy Three like meteors passed,
And bade young Harald die ; —
They sang the war-deeds of his sires,
And pointed to their tomb ;
They told him that this glory-flag
Was his by right of doom.
Since then, where hath young Harald been,
But where Jarl's son should be ?
'Mid war and waves, — the combat keen
That raged on land or sea !'
So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for glory,
As his hand bears aloft the dark death-laden banner.

v.

' Mine own death 's in this clenched hand ;
I know the noble trust ;
These limbs must rot on yonder strand, —
These lips must lick its dust,
But shall this dusky standard quail
In the red slaughter-day ;
Or shall this heart its purpose fail, —
This arm forget to slay ?

I trample down such idle doubt
Harald's high blood hath sprung
From sires whose hands in martial bout
Have ne'er belied their tongue ;
Nor keener from their castled rock
Rush eagles on their prey,
Than, panting for the battle-shock,
Young Harald leads the way.'

It is thus that tall Harald, in terrible beauty,
Pours forth his big soul to the joyaunce of heroes.

VI.

' The ship-borne warriors of the North,
The sons of Woden's race,
To battle as to feast go forth,
With stern, and changeless face ;
And I the last of a great line, —
The Self-devoted, long
To lift on high the Runic sign
Which gives my name to song.
In battle-field young Harald falls
Amid a slaughtered foe,
But backward never bears this flag,
While streams to ocean flow ; —

On, on above the crowded dead
This Runic scroll shall flare,
And round it shall the lightnings spread,
From swords that never spare.'

So rush the hero-words from the Death-doomed one,
While Skalds harp aloud the renown of his fathers.

VII.

' Flag ! from your folds, and fiercely wake
War-music on the wind,
Lest tenderest thoughts should rise to shake
The sternness of my mind ;
Brynhilda, maiden meek and fair,
Pale watcher by the sea,
I hear thy wailings on the air,
Thy heart's dirge sung for me :—
In vain thy milk-white hands are wrung
Above the salt sea foam ;
The wave that bears me from thy bower,
Shall never bear me home ;
Brynhilda ! seek another love,
But ne'er wed one like me,
Who death foredoomed from above
Joys in his destiny.'

Thus mourned young Harald as he thought on
Brynhilda,
While his eyes filled with tears which glittered,
but fell not.

VIII.

'On sweeps Sigurdir's battle-flag,
The scourge of far from shore ;
It dashes through the seething foam,
But I return no more !
Wedded unto a fatal bride,—
Bouned for a bloody bed,—
And battling for her, side by side,
Young Harald's doom is sped !
In starkest fight, where kemp on kemp
Reel headlong to the grave,
There Harald's axe shall ponderous ring,
There Sigurd's flag shall wave ;—
Yes, underneath this standard tall,
Beside this fateful scroll,
Down shall the tower-like prison fall
Of Harald's haughty soul.'

So sings the Death seeker, while nearer and nearer
The fleet of the Northmen bears down to the shore.

IX.

' Green lie those thickly timbered shores
Fair sloping to the sea;
They 're cumbered with the harvest stores
That wave but for the free:
Our sickle is the gleaming sword,
Our garner the broad shield,—
Let peasants sow, but still he 's lord
Who 's master of the field
Let them come on, the bastard-born,
Each soil-stain'd churle! — alack!
What gain they but a splitten skull,
A sod for their base back?
They sow for us these goodly lands,
We reap them in our might,
Scorning all title but the brands
That triumph in the fight!'

It was thus the land-winners of old gained their glory,
And gray stones voiced their praise in the bays of far
isles.

X.

' The rivers of yon island low,
Glance redly in the sun,

But ruddier still they 're doomed to glow,
And deeper shall they run ;
The torrent of proud life shall swell
Each river to the brim,
And in that spate of blood, how well
The headless corpse will swim !
The smoke of many a shepherd's cot
Curls from each peopled glen :
And, hark ! the song of maidens mild
The shout of joyous men !
But one may hew the oaken tree,
The other shape the shroud ;
As the LANDEYDA o'er the sea
Sweeps like a tempest cloud : —
So shouteth fierce Harald, — so echo the Northmen,
As shoreward their ships like mad steeds are careering.

xi.

' Sigurdir's battle-flag is spread
Abroad to the blue sky,
And spectral visions of the dead,
Are trooping grimly by ;
The spirit heralds rush before
Harald's destroying brand,

They hover o'er yon fated shore
And death-devoted band.
Marshal stout Jarls your battle fast!
And fire each beacon height,
Our galleys anchor in the sound,
Our banners heave in sight!
And through the surge and arrowy shower
That rains on this broad shield,
Harald uplifts the sign of power
Which rules the battle-field!'

So cries the Death-doomed on the red strand of
slaughter,

While the helmets of heroes like anvils are ringing.

XII.

On rolled the Northmen's war, above
The Raven Standard flew,
Nor tide nor tempest ever strove
With vengeance half so true.

'T is Harald,—'t is the Sire bereaved,—
Who goads the dread career,
And high amid the flashing storm
The flag of Doom doth rear.
'On, on,' the tall Death-seeker cries,

' These earth worms soil our heel,
Their spear-points crash like crisping ice
On ribs of stubborn steel !'
Hurra ! hurra ! their whirlwinds sweep,
And Harald's fate is sped ;
Bear on the flag — he goes to sleep
With the life-scoring dead.

Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell his sires,
And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to his spirit.

THE WOOING SONG OF JARL EGILL
SKALLAGRIM.

BRIGHT maiden of Orkney,
Star of the blue sea!
I've swept o'er the waters
To gaze upon thee;
I've left spoil and slaughter,
I've left a far strand,
To sing how I love thee,
To kiss thy small hand!
Fair daughter of Einar,
Golden-haired maid!
The lord of yon brown bark,
And lord of this blade;
The joy of the ocean,—
Of warfare and wind,
Hath boune him to woo thee,
And thou must be kind.
So stoutly Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einar's daughter.

In Jutland,—in Iceland,—
On Neustria's shore,
Where'er the dark billow
My gallant bark bore,
Songs spoke of thy beauty,
Harps sounded thy praise,
And my heart loved thee long ere
It thrilled in thy gaze:
Ay, Daughter of Einar,
Right tall mayst thou stand,
It is a Vikingir
Who kisses thy hand:
It is a Vikingir
That bends his proud knee,
And swears by Great Freya,
His bride thou must be!

So Jarl Egill swore when his great heart was fullest.

Thy white arms are locked in
Broad bracelets of gold;
Thy girdle-stead's gleaming
With treasures untold:
The circlet that binds up
Thy long yellow hair,

Is starred thick with jewels,
That bright are and rare ;
But gifts yet more princely
Jarl Egill bestows,
For girdle, his great arm
Around thee he throws ;
The bark of a sea-king
For palace, gives he,
While mad waves and winds shall
Thy true subjects be.

So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride.

Nay, frown not, nor shrink thus,
Nor toss so thy head,
'T is a Vikingir asks thee,
Land-maiden to wed !
He skills not to woo thee,
In trembling and fear,
Though lords of the land may
Thus troop with the deer.
The cradle he rock'd in
So sound and so long,
Hath framed him a heart
And a hand that are strong :

He comes then as Jarl should,
Sword belted to side,
To win thee and wear thee
With glory and pride.

So sternly Jarl Egill wooed, and smote his long brand.

Thy father, thy brethren,
Thy kin keep from me,
The maiden I've sworn shall
Be Queen of the sea !
A truce with that folly —
Yon sea-strand can show
If this eye missed its aim,
Or this arm failed its blow :
I had not well taken
Three strides on this land,
Ere a Jarl and his six sons
In death bit the sand.
Nay, weep not, pale maid, though
In battle should fall
The kemp who would keep thy
Bridegroom from the hall.

So carped Jarl Egill, and kissed the bright weeper.

Through shadows and horrors,
In worlds underground,
Through sounds that appall
And through sights that confound,
I sought the Weird women
Within their dark cell,
And made them surrender
Futurity's spell ;
I made them rune over
The dim scroll so free,
And mutter how Fate sped
With lovers like me ;
Yes, maiden, I forced them
To read forth my doom,
To say how I should fare
As jolly bridegroom.

So Jarl Egill's love dared the world of grim shadows.

They waxed and they waned,
They passed to and fro,
While lurid fires gleamed o'er
Their faces of snow ;
Their stony eyes moveless,
Did glare on me long,

Then sullen they chanted :
‘ The Sword and the Song
Prevail with the gentle,
Sore chasten the rude,
And sway to their purpose
Each evil-shaped mood !’
Fair Daughter of Eimar,
I’ve sung the dark lay
That the Weird sisters runed, and
Which thou must obey.

So fondly Jarl Egill loved Einar’s proud daughter.

The curl of that proud lip,
The flash of that eye,
The swell of that bosom,
So full and so high,
Like foam of sea-billow,
Thy white bosom shows,
Like flash of red levin
Thine eagle eye glows :
Ha ! firmly and boldly,
So stately and free,
Thy foot treads this chamber,
As bark rides the sea :

This likes me — this likes me,
Stout maiden of mould,
Thou wooest to purpose ;
Bold hearts love the bold.

So shouted Jarl Egill, and clutched the proud maiden.

Away and away then,
I have thy small hand ;
Joy with me, — our tall bark
Now bears toward the strand ;
I call it the Raven,
The wing of black night,
That shadows forth ruin
O'er islands of light :
Once more on its long deck,
Behind us the gale,
Thou shalt see how before it
Great kingdoms do quail :
Thou shalt see then how truly,
My noble-souled maid,
The ransom of kings can
Be won by this blade.

So bravely Jarl Egill did soothe the pale trembler.

Ay, gaze on its large hilt,
One wedge of red gold;
But doat on its blade, gilt
With blood of the bold.
The hilt is right seemly,
But nobler the blade,
That swart Velint's hammer
With cunning spells made;
I call it the Adder,
Death lurks in its bite,
Through bone and proof-harness
It scatters pale light.
Fair Daughter of Einar,
Deem high of the fate
That makes thee, like this blade,
Proud Egill's loved mate!

So Jarl Egill bore off Torf Einar's bright daughter.

THE SWORD CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.

'T is not the gray hawk's flight
O'er mountain and mere ;
'T is not the fleet hound's course
Tracking the deer ;
'T is not the light hoof print
Of black steed or gray,
Though sweltering it gallop
A long summer's day ;
Which mete forth the Lordships
I challenge as mine ;
Ha ! ha ! 't is the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches
And numbers define.
LAND GIVER ! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,
Base tillers of earth,

Gaping, ask me what lordships
I owned at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute
When I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south,
Shouting, ‘There am I Lord!’
Wold and waste, town and tower,
Hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules Fate, is
This falchion’s red gleam.
MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee.

I ’ve heard great harps sounding,
In brave bower and hall,
I ’ve drank the sweet music
That bright lips let fall,
I ’ve hunted in greenwood,
And heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle
And cold jargoning;
The music I love, is
The shout of the brave,

The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields death's sickle,
 And garners the grave.
JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean
 Thy lightning have known,
And wide o'er the main land
 Thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father,
 Stern joy of his hand,
Thou hast carved his name deep on
 The stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory
 Of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
 Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes,
 And scourge of the strong.
FAKE GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding
 Than that the heart knows,

For maiden more lovely
Than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine,
And lives but for thee;
In dreamings of gladness,
Thou 'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness
In some battle-field,
Where armor is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet,
Stout hauberk and shield.
DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye
Soon may depart;
And light is the faith of
Fair woman's heart;
Changeful as light clouds,
And wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern
Weak woman's mind.
But thy metal 's as true
As its polish is bright;

When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber,
But, starlike, burns fiercer,
 The darker the night.

HEART GLADENER! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished
 By war or by wave,—
Now, childless and sireless,
 I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory
 Is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber
 Below the brown heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom,
 And with it decay,—
While harps shall be ringing,
 And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in
 Our old fearless day.
SONG GIVER! I kiss thee.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I 'VE wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day !
The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule ;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een, wi' tears :
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twā did part ;

Sweet time — sad time ! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear ;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame ?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,) —
When we ran aff to speel the braes —
The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O, mornin' life ! O, mornin' luvé !
O lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang !

O, mind ye, luvé, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon ?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies ;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat

In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak !
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled, — unsung !

I marvel Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me ?
O ! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine ;
O ! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.

The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way ;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue ;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me !

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break,—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake !
O lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-banc,—
O say ye 'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will,—
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,—

A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.

Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sac strang is its despair !

O wae 's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met,—

O wae 's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set !

O wae 's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae 's me for the destinie,
That gart me luve thee sae !

O ! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame,—
But O ! it 's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame !

Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin ;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin ?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willic,

And sick wi' a' I see,—

I canna live as I ha'e lived,

Or be as I should be.

But fauld unto your heart, Willie,

The heart that still is thine,—

And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,

Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,

A sair stoun' through my heart,—

O! haud me up and let me kiss

Thy brow ere we twa pairt.

Anither, and anither yet!—

How fast my life-strings break!—

Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard

Step lightly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,

That lilts far ower our heid,

Will sing the morn as merrilie

Abune the clay-cauld deid;

And this green turf we're sittin' on,

Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,

Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But O ! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be,—
And O ! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee !
And O ! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That file my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair !

THE MADMAN'S LOVE.

Ho ! FLESH and Blood ! sweet Flesh and Blood
As ever strode on earth !

Welcome to Water and to Wood,—
To all a Madman's mirth.

This tree is mine, this leafless tree
That 's writhen o'er the linn ;
The stream is mine, that fitfully
Pours forth its sullen din.

Their lord am I; and still my dream
Is of this Tree,—is of that Stream.

The Tree, the Stream,—a deadly Twain !
They will not live apart ;
The one rolls thundering through my brain,
The other smites my heart :
Ay, this same leafless, fire-scarred tree,
That groweth by the rock,
Shakes its old sapless arms at me,
And would my madness mock !
The slaves are saucy,—well they know
Good service did they long ago.

I've lived two lives: The first is past
Some hundred years or more;
But still the present is o'ercast
With visionings of yore.
This tree, this rock, that's cushioned sweet
With tufts of savory thyme,
That unseen river, which doth greet
Our ears with its rude rhyme,
Were then as now,—they form the chain
That links the present with past pain.

Sweet Flesh and Blood! how deadly chill
These milk-white fingers be!
The feathery ribs of ice-bound rill
Seem not so cold to me;—
But press them on this burning brow
Which glows like molten brass,
'T will thaw them soon; then thou shalt know
How ancient visions pass
Before mine eyes, like shapes of life,
Kindling old loves and deadly strife.

Drink to me first!—nay, do not scorn
These sparkling dews of night;

I pledge thee in the silver horn
 Of yonder moonlet bright:
'Tis stinted measure now, but soon
 Thy cup shall overflow;
It half was spilled two hours agone,
 That little flowers might grow,
And weave for me fine robes of silk;
For which good deed, stars drop them milk.

Nay, take the horn into thy hand,
 The goodly silver horn,
And quaff it off. At my command
 Each flower-cup, ere the morn,
Shall brimful be of glittering dews,
 And then we'll have large store
Of heaven's own vintage ripe for use,
 To pledge our healths thrice o'er;
So skink the can as maiden free,
Then troll the merry bowl to me !

Hush! — drink no more! for now the trees,
 In yonder grand old wood,
Burst forth in sinless melodies
 To cheer my solitude;

Trees sing thus every night to me,
So mournfully and slow, —
They think, dear hearts, 't were well for me,
Could large tears once forth flow
From this hard frozen eye of mine,
As freely as they stream from thine.

Ay, ay, they sing right passing well,
And pleasantly in tune,
To midnight winds a canticle
That floats up to the moon ;
And she goes wandering near and far
Through yonder vaulted skies,
No nook whereof but hath a star
Shed for me from her eyes ; —
She knows I cannot weep, but she
Weeps worlds of light for love of me !

Yes, in her bower of clouds she weeps
Night after night for me, —
The lonely man that sadly keeps
Watch by the blasted tree.
She spreads o'er these lean ribs her beams,
To scare the cutting cold ;

She lends me light to read my dreams,
And rightly to unfold
The mysteries that make men mad,
Or wise, or wild, or good, or bad.

So lovingly she shines through me,
Without me and within,
That even thou, methinks, might'st see,
Beneath this flesh so thin,
A heart that like a ball of fire
Is ever blazing there,
Yet dieth not; for still the lyre
Of heaven soothes its despair,—
The lyre that sounds so sadly sweet,
When winds and woods and waters meet.

Hush! hush! so sang yon ghastly wood,
So moaned the sullen stream
One night, as two on this rock stood
Beneath this same moonbeam:—
Nay, start not! — one was Flesh and Blood,
A dainty, straight-limbed dame,
That clung to me and sobbed, — O God
Struggling with maiden shame,

She faltered forth her love, and swore,—
‘ON LAND OR SEA, THINE EVERMORE !’

By Wood, by Water, and by Wind,
Yea, by the blessed light
Of the brave moon, that maiden kind
Eternal faith did plight;
Yea, by the rock on which we stood,—
This altar-stone of yore,—
That loved one said, ‘On land or flood,
Thine, thine for evermore !’
The earth reeled round, I gasped for breath,
I loved, and was beloved till death !

I felt upon my brow a kiss,
Upon my cheek a tear ;
I felt that now life's sum of bliss
Was more than heart could bear.
Life's sum of bliss ? say rather pain,
For heart to find its mate,
To love, and be beloved again,
Even when the hand of Fate
Motions farewell ! — and one must be
A wanderer on the faithless sea.

Ay, Land or Sea! for, mark me now,
Next morrow o'er the foam,
Sword girt to side, and helm on brow,
I left a sorrowing home;
Yet still I lived as very part
Even of this sainted rock,
Where first that loved one's tristful heart
Its secret treasure broke
In my love-thirsting ear alone,
Here, here, on this huge altar-stone.

Hear'st thou the busy sounds that come
From yonder glittering shore:
The madness of the doubling drum,
The naker's sullen roar,—
The wild and shrilly strains that swell
From each bright brassy horn,—
The fluttering of each penoncel
By knightly lance upborne,—
The clear ring of each tempered shield,
And proud steeds neighing far afield?

Sweet Flesh and Blood! my tale 's not told,
'T is scantily well begun:—

Our vows were passed, in heaven enrolled,
And then next morrow's sun
Saw banners waving in the wind,
And tall barks on the sea:
Glory before, and Love behind,
Marshalled proud chivalrie,
As every valor-freighted ship
Its gilt prow in the wave did dip.

And then passed o'er a merry time,—
A roystering gamesome life,
Till cheeks were tanned with many a clime,
Brows scarred in many a strife.
But what of that? Year after year,
In every battle's shock,
Or 'mid the storms of ocean drear,
My heart clung to this rock;
Was with its very being blent,
Sucking from it brave nourishment.

All life, all feeling, every thought
Was centred in this spot;
The unforgetting being wrought
Upon the Unforgot.

Time fleeted on ; but time ne'er dimmed
The picturings of the heart, —
Freshly as when they first were limned,
Truth's fadeless tints would start ;
Yes ! wheresoe'er Life's bark might steer,
This changeless heart was anchored here.

Ha ! laugh, sweet Flesh and Blood, outright,
Nor smother honest glee,
Your time is now ; but ere this night
Hath travelled over me,
My time shall come ; and then, ay, then
The wanton stars shall reel
Like drunkards all, when we madmen
Upraise our laughter peal.
I see the cause : the TWAIN, — the ONE, —
The SHAPE that gibbered in the sun !

You pinch my wrist, you press my knee,
With fingers long and small ;
Light setters these, — not so on me
Did heathen shackles fall,
When I was captive in the fight
On Candy's fatal shore ;

And paynims won a battered knight,
A living well of gore ;—
How the knaves smote me to the ground,
And hewed me like a tree all round !

They hammered irons on my hand,
And irons on my knee ;
They bound me fast with many a band,
To pillar and to tree ;
They flung me in a loathsome pit,
Where loathly things were rife, —
Where newte, and toad, and rat would sit,
Debating for my life,
On my breast bone ; while one and all
Hissed, fought, and voided on their thrall.

Yet lived I on, and, madman-like,
With unchanged heart I lay ;
No venom to its core could strike,
For it was far away :—
'T was even here beside this Tree,
Its Trysting-place of yore,
Where that fond maiden swore to me,
'Thine, thine, for evermore.'

Faith in her vow made that pit seem
The palace of Arabian dream.

And so was passed a weary time,
How long I cannot tell,
'T was years ere in that sunny clime
A sunbeam on me fell.
But from that tomb I rushed in tears,
The fetters fell from me,
They rusted through with damp and years,
And rotted was the tree,
When the Undying crawled from night,—
From loathsomeness, into God's light.

O Lord! there was a flood of sound
Came rushing through my ears,
When I arose from underground,
A wild thing shedding tears:—
The voices of glad birds and brooks,
And eke of greenwood tree,
With all the long-remembered looks
Of earth, and sky, and sea,
Danced madly through my 'wilder'd brain,
And shook me like a wind-swung chain.

Men marvelled at the ghastly form
That sat before the sun,—
That laughed to scorn the pelting storm,
Nor would the thunders shun ;
The bearded Shape that gibbered sounds
Of uncouth lore and lands,
Struck awe into these Heathen hounds,
Who, lifting up their hands,
Blessed the wild prophet, and then brought
Raiment and food unthanked, unsought.

I have a dreaming of the sea,—
A dreaming of the land,—
A dreaming that again to me
Belonged a good knight's brand,—
A dreaming that this brow was pressed
With plumèd helm once more,
That linkèd mail reclad this breast
When I retrod the shore,
The blessed shores of my fatherland,
And knelt in prayer upon its strand.

' Years furrow brows and channel cheeks,
But should not chase old loves away ;

The language which true heart first speaks,
That language must it hold for aye.'

This poesie a war-worn man
Did mutter to himself one night,
As upwards to this cliff he ran ;
That shone in the moonlight ;
And by the moonlight curiously,
He scanned the bark of this old tree.

' No change is here, all things remain
As they were years ago ;
With self-same voice the old woods playne,
When shrilly winds do blow, —
Still murmuring to itself, the stream
Rolls o'er its rocky bed, —
Still smiling in its quiet dream,
The small flower nods its head ;
And I stand here,' the War-worn said,
' Like Nature's heart unaltered.'

Now, Flesh and Blood, that sits by me
On this bare ledge of stone,
So sat that Childe of chivalrie,
One summer eve alone.

I saw him, and methought he seemed
Like to the bearded Form
That sat before the sun, and gleamed
Defiance to the storm ;
I saw him in his war-weed sit,
And other Two before him flit.

Yes, in the shadow of that tree,
And motionless as stone,
Sat the War-worn, while mirthfully
The other Two passed on ;—
By heaven ! one was a comely bride,
Her face gleamed in the moon,
As richly as in full-fleshed pride,
Bright roses burst in June ;
Methought she was the maiden mild,
That whilome loved the wandering Childe !

But it was not her former love
That wandered with her there,—
O, no ! long absence well may move
A maiden to despair ;
Old loves we cast unto the winds,
Old vows into the sea,

'T is lightsome for all gentle minds
To be as fancy free.
So the Vow-pledged One loved another,
And wantoned with a younger brother.

I heard a dull, hoarse, chuckle sound,
Beside that trysting-tree ;
I saw uprising from the ground,
A ghastly shape like me.
But no ! — it was the War-worn wight,
That pale as whitened wall,
Strode forth into the moonshine bright,
And let the hoarse sounds fall.
A voice uppushing from the tomb
Than his, were less fulfilled with doom.

' Judgment ne'er sleeps ! ' the War-worn said,
As striding into light,
He stood before that shuddering maid,
Between her and that knight.
Judgment ne'er sleeps ! 't is wondrous odd,
One gurgle, one long sigh,
Ended it all. Upon this sod
Lay one with unclosed eye,

And then the boiling linn that night,
Flung on its banks a lady bright.

She tripped towards me as you have tripped,
Pale maiden ! and as cold ;
She sipped with me as you have sipped,
Night dews, and then I told
To her as you, my weary tale
Of double life and pain ;
And thawed her fingers chill and pale
Upon my burning brain ;—
That daintiest piece of Flesh on earth,
I welcomèd to all my mirth.

And then I pressed her icy hand
Within my burning palm,
And told her tales of that far land,
Of sunshine, flowers, and balm ;
I told her of the damp, dark hole,
The fetters and the tree,
And of the slimy things that stole
O'er shuddering flesh so free :
Yea, of the Bearded Ghastliness,
That sat in the sun's loveliness.

I welcomed her, I welcome thee,
To sit upon this stone,
And meditate all night with me,
On ages that are gone ;
To dream again each marvellous dream,
Of passion and of truth,
And reconstruct each shattered beam
That glorified glad youth.
These were the days ! — hearts then could feel,
Eyes weep, and slumbers o'er them steal.

But not so now. The second life
That wearied hearts must live,
Is woven with that thread of strife, —
Forget not, nor Forgive !
Fires, scorching fires, run through our veins,
Our corded sinews crack,
And molten lead boils in our brains,
For marrow to the back.
Ha ! ha ! What's Life ? Think of the joke,
The fiercest fire still ends in smoke.

Fill up the cup ! fill up the can !
Drink, drink, sweet Flesh and Blood,

The health of the grim bearded man
That haunteth solitude ; —
The wood pours forth its melodies,
And stars whirl fast around ;
Yon moon-ship scuds before the breeze, —
Hark, how sky-billows sound !
Drink, Flesh and Blood ! then trip with me,
One measure round the Madman's Tree !

HALBERT THE GRIM.

THERE is blood on that brow,
There is blood on that hand ;
There is blood on that hauberk,
And blood on that brand.

O ! bloody all o'er is
His war-cloak, I weet ;
He is wrapped in the cover
Of murder's red sheet.

There is pity in man, —
Is there any in him ?
No ! ruth were a strange guest
To Halbert the Grim.

The hardest may soften,
The fiercest repent ;
But the heart of Grim Halbert
May never relent.

Death doing on earth, is
For ever his cry ;
And pillage and plunder
His hope in the sky !

'T is midnight, deep midnight,
And dark is the heaven ;
Sir Halbert, in mockery,
Wends to be shriven.

He kneels not to stone,
And he bends not to wood ;
But he swung round his brown blade,
And hewed down the Rood !

He stuck his long sword, with
Its point in the earth ;
And he prayed to its cross hilt,
In mockery and mirth.

Thus lowly he louteth,
And mumbles his beads ;
Then lightly he riseth,
And homeward he speeds.

His steed hurries homewards,
Darkling and dim ;
Right fearful its prances
With Halbert the Grim.

Still fiercer it tramples,
The spur gores its side ;
Now downward and downward
Grim Halbert doth ride.

The brown wood is threaded,
The gray flood is past,
Yet hoarser and wilder
Moans ever the blast.

No star lends its taper,
No moon sheds her glow ;
For dark is the dull path
That Baron must go.

Though starless the sky, and
No moon shines abroad,
Yet, flashing with fire, all
At once gleams the road.

And his black steed, I trow,
As it galloped on,
With a hot sulphur halo,
And flame-flash all shone.

From eye and from nostril,
Out gushed the pale flame,
And from its chafed mouth, the
Churned fire-froth came.

They are two ! they are two ! —
They are coal black as night,
That now staunchly follow
That grim Baron's flight.

In each lull of the wild blast,
Out breaks their deep yell :
'T is the slot of the doomed one,
These hounds track so well.

Ho ! downward, still downward,
Sheer slopeth his way ;
No let hath his progress,
No gate bids him stay.

No noise had his horse-hoof
As onward it sped ;
But silent it fell, as
The foot of the dead.

Now redder and redder
Flares far its bright eye,
And harsher these dark hounds
Yell out their fierce cry.

Sheer downward ! right downward !
Then dashed life and limb,
As careering to hell,
Sunk Halbert the Grim !

TRUE LOVE'S DIRGE.

SOME love is light and fleets away,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
Some love is deep and scorns decay,
Ah, well-a-day ! in vain.

Of loyal love I sing this lay,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
'T is of a knight and lady gay,
Ah, well-a-day ! bright twain.

He loved her,— heart loved ne'er so well,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain !
She was a cold and proud damsel,
Ah, well-a-day ! and vain.

He loved her,— oh, he loved her long,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
But she for love gave bitter wrong,
Ah, well-a-day ! Disdain !

It is not meet for knight like me,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Though scorned, love's recreant to be,
Ah, well-a-day! Refrain.

That brave knight buckled to his brand,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
And fast he sought a foreign strand,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

He wandered wide by land and sea,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
A mirror of bright constancy,
Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

He would not chide, he would not blame,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But at each shrine he breathed her name,
Ah, well-a-day! Amen!

He would not carpe, he would not sing,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But broke his heart with love-longing,
Ah, well-a-day! poor brain.

He scorned to weep, he scorned to sigh,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But like a true knight he could die,—
Ah, well-a-day! life's vain.

The banner which that brave knight bore,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Had scrolled on it “Faith Evermore,”
Ah, well-a-day! again.

That banner led the Christian van,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Against Seljuck and Turcomon,
Ah! well-a-day! bright train.

The fight was o'er, the day was done,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But lacking was that loyal one,—
Ah! well-a-day! sad pain.

They found him on the battle-field,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
With broken sword and cloven shield,
Ah! well-a-day! in twain.

They found him pillow'd on the dead,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
The blood-soaked sod his bridal bed,
Ah, well-a-day! the Slain.

On his pale brow, and paler cheek,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
The white moonshine did fall so meek,—
Ah, well-a-day! sad strain.

They lifted up the True and Brave,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
And bore him to his lone cold grave,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

They buried him on that far strand,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
His face turned towards his love's own land,
Ah, well-a-day! how vain.

The wearied heart was laid at rest,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain!
To dream of her it liked best,
Ah, well-a-day! again.

They nothing said, but many a tear,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain,
Rained down on that knight's lowly bier,
Ah, well-a-day ! amain.

They nothing said, but many a sigh,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
Told how they wished like him to die,
Ah ! well-a-day ! sans stain.

With solemn mass and orison,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain,
They reared to him a cross of stone,
Ah, well-a-day ! in pain.

And on it graved with daggers bright,
Heigho ! the Wind and Rain ;
Here lies a true and gentle knight,
Ah, well-a-day ! Amen !

requiescat. in. pace.

THE DEMON LADY.

AGAIN in my chamber !
Again at my bed !
With thy smile sweet as sunshine,
And hand cold as lead !
I know thee, I know thee ! —
Nay, start not, my sweet !
These golden robes shrank up,
And showed me thy feet ;
These golden robes shrank up,
And taffety thin,
While out crept the symbols
Of Death and of Sin !

Bright, beautiful devil !
Pass, pass from me now !
For the damp dew of death
Gathers thick on my brow :
And bind up thy girdle,
Nor beauties disclose,

More dazzlingly white
Than the wreath-drifted snows :
And away with thy kisses ;
My heart waxes sick,
As thy red lips, like worms,
Travel over my cheek !

Ha ! press me no more with
That passionless hand,
'T is whiter than milk, or
The foam on the strand ;
'T is softer than down, or
The silken-leaved flower ;
But colder than ice thrills
Its touch at this hour.
Like the finger of Death
From cerements unrolled,
Thy hand on my heart falls
Dull, clammy, and cold.

Nor bend o'er my pillow, —
Thy raven black hair
O'ershadows my brow with
A deeper despair ;

These ringlets thick falling
Spread fire through my brain,
And my temples are throbbing
With madness again.
The moonlight! the moonlight!
The deep-winding bay!
There are two on that strand,
And a ship far away!

In its silence and beauty,
Its passion and power,
Love breathed o'er the land,
Like the soul of a flower.
The billows were chiming
On pale yellow sands;
And moonshine was gleaming
On small ivory hands.
There were bowers by the brook's brink
And flowers bursting free;
There were hot lips to suck forth
A lost soul from me!

Now, mountain and meadow,
Frith, forest and river,

Are mingling with shadows,—
Are lost to me ever.
The sunlight is fading,
Small birds seek their nest;
While happy hearts, flower-like,
Sink sinless to rest,
But I! — 't is no matter; —
Ay, kiss cheek and chin;
Kiss, — kiss, — thou hast won me,
Bright, beautiful Sin !

ZARA.

' A SILVERY veil of pure moonlight
Is glancing o'er the quiet water,
And O ! 't is beautiful and bright
As the soft smile of Selim's daughter.

' Sleep, moonlight ! sleep upon the wave,
And hush to rest each rising billow,
Then dwell within the mountain cave,
Where this fond breast is Zara's pillow.

' Shine on, thou blessed moon ! brighter still,
O, shine thus ever night and morrow ;
For day-break mantling o'er the hill,
But wakes my love to fear and sorrow.'

'T was thus the Spanish youth beguiled
The rising fears of Selim's daughter ;
And on their loves the pale moon smiled,
Unweeting of the morrow's slaughter.

Alas ! too early rose that morn,
On harnessed knight and fierce soldada,—
Alas ! too soon the Moorish horn
And tambour rang in Old Grenada.

The dew yet bathes the dreaming flower,
The mist yet lingers in the valley,
When Selim and his Zegrис' power
From port and postern sternly sally.

Marry ! it was a gallant sight
To see the plain with armour glancing,
As on to Alpuxara's height
Proud Selim's chivalry were prancing.

The knights dismount ; on foot they climb
The rugged steeps of Alpuxara ;
In fateful and unhappy time,
Proud Selim found his long-lost Zara.

They sleep,—in sleep they smile and dream
Of happy days they ne'er shall number ;
Their lips breathe sounds,—their spirits seem
To hold communion while they slumber.

A moment gazed the stern old Moor,
A scant tear in his eye did gather,
For as he gazed, she muttered o'er
A blessing on her cruel father.

The hand that grasped the crooked blade,
Relaxed its gripe, then clutched it stronger ;
The tear that that dark eye hath shed
On the swart cheek, is seen no longer.

'T is past ! — the bloody deed is done,
A father's hand hath sealed the slaughter !
Yet in Grenada many a one
Bewails the fate of Selim's daughter.

And many a Moorish damsel hath
Made pilgrimage to Alpuxara ;
And breathed her vows, where Selim's wrath
O'ertook the Spanish youth and Zara.

OUGLOU'S ONSLAUGHT.

A Turkish Battle-Song.



TCHASSAN Ouglou is on !
Tchassan Ouglou is on !
And with him to battle
The Faithful are gone.
Allah, il allah !
The tambour is rung ;
Into his war-saddle
Each Spahi hath swung :—
Now the blast of the desert
Sweeps over the land,
And the pale fires of heaven
Gleam in each Damask brand.
Allah, il allah !

Tchassan Ouglou is on !
Tchassah Ouglou is on !
Abroad on the winds, all
His Horse-tails are thrown

'T is the rush of the eagle
Down cleaving through air,—
'T is the bound of the lion
When roused from his lair.
Ha! fiercer and wilder
And madder by far,—
On thunders the might
Of the Moslemite war.
Allah, il allah !

Forth lash their wild horses,
With loose-flowing rein;
The steel grides their flank,
Their hoof scarce dints the plain
Like the mad stars of heaven,
Now the Delis rush out;
O'er the thunder of cannon
Swells proudly their shout,—
And sheeted with foam,
Like the surge of the sea,
Over wreck, death, and woe, rolls
Each fierce Osmanli.
Allah, il allah !

Fast forward, still forward,
Man follows on man,
While the horse-tails are dashing
Afar in the van ; —
See where yon pale crescent
And green turban shine,
There smite for the Prophet,
And Othman's great line !

Allah, il allah !

The fierce war-cry is given, —
For the flesh of the Giaour
Shriek the vultures of heaven.

Allah, il allah !

Allah, il allah !
How thick on the plain,
The infidels cluster
Like ripe, heavy grain.
The reaper is coming,
The crooked sickle 's bare,
And the shout of the Faithful
Is rending the air.
Bismillah ! Bismillah !
Each far-flashing brand

Hath piled its red harvest
Of death on the land !
Allah, il allah !

Mark, mark yon green turban
That heaves through the fight,
Like a tempest-tost bark
'Mid the thunders of night ;
See parting before it,
On right and on left,
How the dark billows tumble, —
Each saucy crest cleft !
Ay, horseman and footman
Reel back in dismay,
When the sword of stern Ouglou
Is lifted to slay.
Allah, il allah !

Allah, il allah !
Tchassan Ouglou is on !
O'er the Infidel breast
Hath his fiery barb gone :
The bullets rain on him,
They fall thick as hail ;

The lances crash round him
Like reeds in the gale,—
But onward, still onward.
For God and his law,
Through the dark strife of Death
Bursts the gallant Pacha.

Allah, il allah !

In the wake of his might,—
In the path of the wind,
Pour the sons of the Faithful,
Careering behind ;
And bending to battle
O'er each high saddle-bow,
With the sword of Azrael,
They sweep down the foe.

Allah, il allah !

'T is Ouglou that cries,—
In the breath of his nostril
The Infidel dies !

Allah, il allah !

ELFINLAND WUD.

An imitation of the Ancient Scottish Romantic Ballad.



Erl William has munit his gude grai stede,
(Merrie lemis munelicht on the sea,)
And graithit him in ane cumli weid.
(Swa bonnilie blumis the hawthorn tree.)

Erl William rade, Erl William ran,—
(Fast they ryde quha luve trewlie,)
Quhyll the Elfinland wud that gude Erl wan—
(Blink over the burn, sweit may, to mee.)

Elfinland wud is dern and dreir,
(Merrie is the grai gowkis sang,)
Bot ilk ane leafis quhyt as silver cleir,
(Licht makis schoirt the road swa lang.)

It is undirneth ane braid aik tree,
(Hey and a lo, as the leavis grow grein,)
Thair is kythit ane bricht ladie,
(Manie flouris blume quhilk ar nocht seen.)

Around hir slepis the quhyte muneschyne,

(Meik is mayden undir kell,)

Hir lips bin lyke the blude reid wyne;

(The rois of flouris hes sweetest smell.)

It was al bricht quhare that ladie stude,

(Far my luve, fure ower the sea.)

Bot dern is the lave of Elfinland wud,

(The knicht pruvit false that ance luvit me.)

The ladie's handis were quhyte als milk,

(Ringis my luve wore mair nor ane.)

Hir skin was safter nor the silk;

(Lilly bricht schinis my luvis halse bane.)

Save you, save you, fayr ladie.

(Gentil hert schawis gentil deed.)

Standand alane undir this auld tree;

(Deir till knicht is nobil steid.)

Burdalane, if ye dwell here,

(My hert is layed upon this land.)

I wud like to live your fere;

(The schippis cum sailin to the strand.)

Nevir ane word that ladie sayd;
(Schortest rede hes least to mend.)
Bot on hir harp she evir played;
(Thare nevir was mirth that had nocht end.)

Gang ye eist, or fare ye wast,
(Ilka stern blinkis blythe for thee,)
Or tak ye the road that ye like best,
(Al trew feiris ryde in cumpanie.)

Erl William loutit doun full lowe;
(Luvis first seid bin courtesie.)
And swung hir owir his saddil bow,
(Ryde quha listis, ye 'll link with mee.)

Scho flang her harp on that auld tree,
(The wynd pruvis aye ane harpir gude.)
And it gave out its music free;
(Birdis sing blythe in gay green wud.)

The harp playde on its leeful lane,
(Land is my luvis yellow hair.)
Quhill it has charmit stock and stane,
(Furth by firth, deir lady sare.)

Quhan scho was munit him behynd,
(Blyth be hertis quhilkis lufe ilk uther.)
Awa thai flew lyke flaucht of wind;
(Kin kens kin, and bairnis thair mither.)

Nevir ane word that ladie spak;
(Mim be maydens men besyde.)
Bot that stout steid did nicher and schaik;
(Smal things humbil hertis of pryde.)

About his breist scho plet her handis;
(Luvand be maydins quhan thai lyke.)
Bot thay were cauld as yron bandis.
(The winter bauld bindis sheuch and syke.)

Your handis ar cauld, fayr ladie, sayd hee,
(The caulder hand the trewer hairt.)
I trembil als the lief on the tree;
(Licht caassis muve ald friendis to pairt.)

Lap your mantil owir your heid,
(My lufe was clad in the reid scarlett,)
And spredd your kirtil owir my stede;
(Thair nevir was joie that had nae lett.)

The ladie scho wald nocht dispute;
(Nocht woman is scho that laikis ane tung.)
But caulder hir fingeris about him cruike.
(Sum sangis ar writh, bot nevir sung.)

This Elfinland wud will neir haif end;
(Hunt quha listis, daylicht for mee.)
I wuld I culd ane strang bow bend,
(Al undirneth the grene wud tree.)

Thai rade up, and they rade doun,
(Wearilie wearis wan nicht away.)
Erl William's heart mair cauld is grown;
(Hey, luve mine, quhan dawis the day?)

Your hand lies cauld on my briest-bane,
(Smal hand hes my ladie fair,)
My horss he can nocht stand his lane,
(For cauldness of this midnicht air.)

Erl William turnit his heid about;
(The braid mune schinis in lift richt cleir.)
Twa Elfin een are glentin owt,
(My luvis een like twa sternis appere.)

Twa brennand eyne, sua bricht and full,
 (Bonnlie blinkis my ladeis ee,)
 Flang fire flauchtis fra ane peelit skull ;
 (Sum sichts ar ugsomlyk to see.)

Twa rawis of quhyt teeth then did say,
 (Cauld the boysteous windis sal blaw,)
 O, lang and weary is our way,
 (And donkir yet the dew maun fa.)

Far owir mure, and far owir fell,
 (Hark the sounding huntsmen thrang;)
 Thorow dingle, and thorow dell,
 (Luve, come, list the merlis sang.)

Thorow fire, and thorow flude,
 (Mudy mindis rage lyk a sea;)
 Thorow slauchtir, thorow blude,
 (A seamless shrowd weird schaipis for me !)

And to rede aricht my spell,
 Eerilie sal nicht wyndis moan,
 Quhill fleand Hevin and raikand Hell,
 Ghaist with ghaist maun wandir on.

MIDNIGHT AND MOONSHINE.

ALL earth below, all heaven above,
In this calm hour, are filled with Love ;
All sights, all sounds have throbbing hearts,
In which its blessed fountain starts,
And gushes forth so fresh and free,
Like a soul-thrilling melody.

Look ! look ! the land is sheathed in light,
And mark the winding stream.
How, creeping round yon distant height,
Its rippling waters gleam.
Its waters flash through leaf and flower,—
O ! merrily they go ;
Like living things, their voices pour
Dim music as they flow.
Sinless and pure they seek the sea,
As souls pant for eternity ;—
Heaven speed their bright course till they sleep
In the broad bosom of the deep.

High in mid air, on seraph wing,
The paley moon is journeying

In stillest path of stainless blue;
Keen, curious stars are peering through
Heaven's arch this hour; they dote on her
With perfect love; nor can she stir
Within her vaulted halls a pace,
Ere rushing out with joyous face,
These Godkins of the sky
Smile, as she glides in loveliness;
While every heart beats high
With passion, and breaks forth to bless
Her loftier divinity.

It is a smile worth worlds to win,—
So full of love, so void of sin,
The smile she sheds on these tall trees,
Stout children of past centuries.
Each little leaf with feathery light,
Is margined marvellously;
Moveless all droop, in slumberous quiet;
How beautiful they be!
And blissful as soft infants lulled
Upon a mother's knee.

Far down yon dell the melody
Of a small brook is audible;

The shadow of a thread-like tone,—
It murmurs over root and stone,
 Yet sings of very love its fill;—
And hark! even now, how sweetly shrill,
 It trolls its fairy glee,
Skywards unto that pure bright one;
 O! gentle heart hath she,
For, leaning down to earth, with pleasure,
She lists its fond and prattling measure.

It is indeed a silent night
Of peace, of joy, and purest light;—
No angry breeze in surly tone,
Chides the old forest till it moan;
Or breaks the dreaming of the owl,
 That, warder-like, on yon gray tower,
Feedeth his melancholy soul
 With visions of departed power;
And o'er the ruins Time hath sped,
Nods sadly with his spectral head.

And lo! even like a giant wight
Slumbering his battle toils away,
The sleep-locked city, gleaming bright
 With many a dazzling ray,

Lies stretched in vastness at my feet;
Voiceless the chamber and the street,
And echoless the hall;—
Had Death uplift his bony hand
And smote all living on the land,
No deeper quiet could fall.
In this religious calm of night,
Behold, with finger tall and bright,
Each tapering spire points to the sky,
In a fond, holy ecstasy;—
Strange monuments they be of mind,—
Of feelings dim and undefined,
Shaping themselves, yet not the less,
In forms of passing loveliness.

O God! this is a holy hour:—
Thy breath is o'er the land;
I feel it in each little flower
 Around me where I stand,—
In all the moonshine scattered fair,
Above, below me, everywhere,—
In every dew-bead glistening sheen,
In every leaf and blade of green,—
And in this silence grand and deep,
Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep.

The trees send forth their shadows long
In gambols o'er the earth,
To chase each other's innocence
In quiet, holy mirth;
O'er the glad meadows fast they throng,
Shapes multiform and tall;
And lo! for them the chaste moonbeam,
With broadest light doth fall.
Mad phantoms all, they onward glide,—
On swiftest wind they seem to ride
O'er meadow, mount and stream:
And now, with soft and silent pace,
They walk as in a dream,
While each bright earth-flower hides its face
Of blushes, in their dim embrace.

Men say, that in this midnight hour,
The disembodied have power
To wander as it liketh them,
By wizard oak and fairy stream,—
Through still and solemn places,
And by old walls and tombs, to dream,
With pale, cold, mournful faces.
I fear them not; for they must be
Spirits of kindest sympathy,

Who choose such haunts, and joy to feel
The beauties of this calm night steal
Like music o'er them, while they wooed
The luxury of Solitude.

Welcome, ye gentle spirits ; then,
Who love and feel for earth-chained men,—
Who, in this hour, delight to dwell
By moss-clad oak and dripping cell,—
Who joy to haunt each age-dimmed spot,
Which ruder natures have forgot ;
And, in majestic solitude,
Feel every pulse-stroke thrill of good
To all around, below, above ;—
Ye are the co-mates whom I love !
While, lingering in this moonshine glade,
I dream of hopes that cannot fade ;
And pour abroad those phantasies
That spring from holiest sympathies
With Nature's moods in this glad hour
Of silence, moonshine, beauty, power,
When the busy stir of man is gone,
And the soul is left with its God alone !

THE WATER! THE WATER!



THE Water; the Water!

The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night,
Its ever-living glee.

The Water! the Water!

That sleepless merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart
To all around it some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!

The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone,
Beside the alder tree.

The Water! the Water!

That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on while a child,
In deepest wondering,—
And asked it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! the Water!

The merry, wanton brook,
That bent itself to pleasure me,

Like mine own shepherd crook.
The Water! the Water!

That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water! the Water!

The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.

The Water! the Water!

That murmured in my ear,
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear ;
And whisper in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The Water! the Water!

Where I have shed salt tears,

In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.
The Water! the Water!
Where I have happy been,
And showered upon its bosom flowers
Culled from each meadow green,
And idly hoped my life would be
So crowned by love's idolatry.

The Water! the Water!
My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parched lip to drink.
The Water! the Water!
Of mine own native glen;
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again;
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

The Water! the Water!
The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I 've longed
To find my silent grave.

The Water! the Water!
O blessed to me thou art;
Thus sounding in life's solitude,
The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water! the Water!
The mournful pensive tone,
That whispered to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.
The Water! the Water!
That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As wandering on it sought its grave.

THREE FANCIFUL SUPPOSES.

WERE I a breath of viewless wind,
As very spirits be,
Where would I joy at length to find
I was no longer free?
O, Margaret's cheek,
Whose blushes speak
Love's purest sympathies,
Would be the site,
Where, gleaming bright,
My prison-dome should rise:
I'd live upon that rosy shore,
And fan it with soft sighs,
Nor other paradise explore
Beneath the skies.

Were I a pranksome Elfin knight,
Or eke the Faeryc king,
Who when the moonshine glimmers bright,
Loves to be wandering;
Where would I ride,

In all the pride
Of Elfin chivalry,
With each sweet sound
Far floating round,
Of Faerye minstrelsy?—
'T is o'er her neck of drifted snow,
Her passion-breathing lip,
Her dainty chin and noble brow,
That I would trip.

Were I a glossy plumaged bird,
A small glad voice of song,
Where would my love-lays aye be heard,—
Where would I nestle long?—
In Margaret's ear
When none were near,
I'd strain my little throat,
To sing fond lays
In Margaret's praise,
That could not be forgot;
Then on her bosom would I fall,
And from it never part,—
Dizzy with joy, and proud to call
My home her heart!

A CAVEAT TO THE WIND.

SING high, sing low, thou moody wind,
It skills not,—for thy glee
Is ever of a fellow-kind
With mine own fantasy.
Go, sadly moan or madly blow
In fetterless free will,
Wild spirit of the clouds! but know
I ride thy comrade still:
Loving thy humors, I can be
Sad, wayward, wild, or mad, like thee.

Go, and with light and noiseless wing,
Fan yonder murmuring stream,—
Brood o'er it, as the sainted thing,
The spirit of its dream;
Give to its voice a sweeter tone
Of calm and heartfelt gladness;

Or, to those old trees, woe-begone,
Add moan of deeper sadness,—
It likes me still; for I can be
All sympathy of heart, like thee.

Rush forth, in maddest wrath, to rouse
The billows of the deep;
And in the blustering storm, carouse
With fiends that never weep.
Go, tear each fluttering rag away,
Outshriek the mariner,
And hoarsely knell the mermaid's lay
Of death and shipwreck drear;—
What reck I, since I still dare be
Harsh, fierce, and pitiless, like thee?

I love thy storm-shout on the land,
Thy storm-shout on the sea;
Though shapes of death rise on each hand,
Dismay troops not with me,
With iron-cheek, that never showed
The channel of a tear,
With haughty heart, that never bowed
Beneath a dastard fear,

I rush with thee o'er land and sea,
Rejoicing in thy thundering glee.

Lovest thou those cloisters, old and dim,
Where ghosts at midnight stray,
To pour abroad unearthly hymn,
And fright the stars away ?
Add to their sighs thy hollow tone
Of saddest melancholy,—
For I, too, love such places lone,
And court such guestsunjolly :
Such haunts, such mates, in sooth, to me
Be welcome as they are to thee.

Blow as thou wilt, blow anywhere,
Wild spirit of the sky,
It matters not,—earth, ocean, air,
Still echoes to my cry,
'I follow thee ;' for, where thou art,
My spirit, too, must be,
While each chord of this wayward heart,
Thrills to thy minstrelsy ;
And, he that feels so, sure must be
Meet co-mate for a shrew like thee !

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?

WHAT is Glory? What is Fame?
The echo of a long lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant nought;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
 Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
 Singing of sorrow;—
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sere and leafless bower;
A rose, stuck in a dead-man's breast,—
This is the World's fame at the best!

What is Fame? and what is Glory?
A dream,—a jester's lying story,
To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph;
A grin at Death's own ghastly laugh;

A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch,— nonentity ;
A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
 Flitting for ever
O'er hill-top to more distant height,
 Nearing us never;
A bubble blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth itself to cheat;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain ;
A fortune that to lose were gain ;
A word of praise perchance of blame ;
The wreck of a time-bandied name,—
Ay, This is glory !— this is Fame !

THE SOLEMN SONG OF A RIGHTEOUS HEARTE.

After the fashion of an early English Poet.



THERE is a mighty Noyse of Bells
Rushing from the turret free ;
A solemne tale of Truthe it tells,
O'er Land and Sea,
How heartes be breaking fast, and then
Wax whole againe.

Poor fluttering Soule ! why tremble soe,
To quitt Lyfe's fast decaying Tree ;
Time wormes its core, and it must bowe
To Fate's decree ;
Its last branch breakes, but Thou must soare,
For Evermore.

Noe more thy wing shal touch grosse Earth ;
Far under shal its shadows flee,

And al its sounds of Woe or Mirth
Grove strange to thee.

'Thou wilt not mingle in its noyse,
Nor court its Joies.

Fond One ! why cling thus unto Life,
As if its gaudes were meet for thee ;
Surely its Follie, Bloodshed, Stryfe,
Liked never thee ?

This World growes madder each newe daie,
Vice beares such sway.

Couldst thou in Slavish artes excel,
And crawle upon the supple knee, —
Couldst thou each Woe-worn wretch repel, —
This Worldes for Thee.

Not in this Spheare Man ownes a Brother :
Then seek another.

Couldst thou bewraie thy Birthright soe
As flatter Guilt's prosperity,
And launde Oppressiones iron blowe, —
This Worldes for Thee.

Sithence to this thou wilt not bend,
Life 's at an end.

Couldst thou spurne Vertue meanly clad,
As if 't were spotted Infamy,
And prayse as Good what is most Bad,—
This Worldes for Thee.
Sithence thou canst not will it soe,
Poor Flutterer goe !

If Head with Hearte could so accord,
In bond of perfyte Amitie,
That Falshood raigned in Thoughte, Deed, Word,—
This Worldes for Thee.
But scorning guile, Truth-plighted one !
Thy race is run.

Couldst thou laughe loude, when grieved hearts weep,
And Fiendlyke probe theire Agonye,
Rich harvest here thou soon wouldest reape,—
This Worldes for Thee ;
But with the Weeper thou must weepe,
And sad watch keep.

Couldst thou smyle swete when Wrong hath wrung
The withers of the Poore but Prowde,
And by the rootes pluck out the tongue
That dare be lowde

In Righteous cause, whate'er may be,—
This Worldes for Thee.

This canst thou not! Then, fluttering thing,
Unstained in thy puritye,
Sweep towards heaven with tireless wing,—
Meet Home for Thee.
Feare not, the crashing of Lyfe's Tree,—
God's Love guides Thee.

And thus it is:—these solemn bells,
Swinging in the turret free,
And tolling forth theire sad farewells,
O'er Land and Sea,
Telle how Hearts breake, full fast, and then
Growe whole againe.

MELANCHOLYE.

ADIEU ! al vaine delightes
Of calm and moonshine nightes ;
Adieu ! al pleasant shade
That forests thicke have made ;
Adieu ! al musick swete
That little fountaynes poure,
When blythe theire waters greete
The lovesick lylly-flowre.

Adieu ! the fragrant smel
Of flowres in boskye dell ;
And all the merrie notes
That tril from smal' birdes' throates ;
Adieu ! the gladsome lighte
Of Day, Morne, Noone, or E'en ;
And welcome gloomy Nighte,
When not one star is seene.

Adieu ! the deafening noyse
Of cities, and the joyes

Of Fashioun's sicklie birth;
Adieu! al boysterous mirthe,
Al pageant, pompe, and state,
 And every flauntyng thing
To which the would-be-great
 Of earth in madness cling.

Come with me, Melancholye,
We 'll live like eremites holie,
In some deepe uncouthe wild
Where sunbeame never smylde:
Come with me, pale of hue,
 To some lone silent spot,
Where blossom never grewe,
 Which man hath quyte forgot.

Come, with thy thought-filled eye,
That notes no passer by,
And drouping solemne heade,
Where phansyes strange are bred,
And saddening thoughts doe brood,
 Which idly strive to borrow
A smyle to vaile thy moode
 Of heart-abyding sorrow.

Come to yon blasted mound
Of phantom-haunted ground,
Where spirits love to be ;
And liste the moody glee
Of nighte-windes as they moane,
And the ocean's sad replye
To the wild unhallowed tone
Of the wandering sea-bird's cry.

There sit with me and keep
Vigil when al doe sleepe ;
And when the curfeu bell
Hath rung its mournfull knel,
Let us together blend
Our mutual sighes and teares,
Or chaunt some metre penned,
Of the joies of other yeares.

Or in cavern hoare and damp,
Lit by the glow-worm's lampe,
We 'll muse on the dull theme
Of Life's heart-sickening dreame, —
Of Time's resistlesse powre, —
Of Hope's deceitful lips, —

Of Beauty's short-livde houre,—
And Glory's dark eclipse!

Or, wouldest thou rather chuse
This World's leaf to peruse,
Beneath some dripping vault
That scornes rude Time's assaulte;
Whose close-ribbed arches still
Frown in their green old age,
And stamp an awefull chill
Upon that pregnant page?

Yes, thither let us turne,
To this Time-shattered urne,
And quaintly carved stone,—
Dim wrackes of ages gone;
Here, on this mouldering tomb
We 'll con that noblest truth,
The Flesh and Spirit's doome,—
Dust and Immortall Youthe.

I AM NOT SAD.

I AM not sad, though sadness seem
At times to cloud my brow;
I cherished once a foolish dream,—
Thank Heaven 't is not so now.
Truth's sunshine broke,
And I awoke
To feel 't was right to bow
To Fate's decree, and this my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I grieve not, though a tear may fill
This glazed and vacant eye;
Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,
But soon again they die;
An idle gush,
And all is hush,
The fount is soon run dry:
And cheerly now I meet my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I am not mad, although I see
Things of no better mould
Than I myself am, greedily
In Fame's bright page enrolled,
That they may tell
The story well,
What shines may not be gold.
No, no ! content I court my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

The luck is theirs,—the loss is mine,
And yet no loss at all ;
The mighty ones of eldest time,
I ask where they did fall ?
Tell me the one
Who e'er could shun
Touch with Oblivion's pall ?
All bear with me an equal doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

Brave temple and huge pyramid,
Hill sepulchred by art,
The barrow acre-vast where hid
Moulders some Nimrod's heart ;

Each monstrous birth
Cumbers old earth,
But acts a voiceless part,
Resolving all to mine own doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

Tradition with her palsied hand,
And purblind History, may
Grope and guess well that in this land
Some great one lived his day ;
And what is this,
Blind hit or miss,
But labor thrown away,
For counterparts to mine own doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb ?

I do not peak and pine away,
Lo ! this deep bowl I quaff;
If sigh I do, you still must say
It sounds more like a laugh.
'T is not too late
To separate
The good seed from the chaff;
And scoff at those who scorn my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I spend no sigh, I shed no tear,
Though life's first dream is gone ;
And its bright picturings now appear
Cold images of stone ;
I 've learned to see
The vanity
Of lusting to be known,
And gladly hail my changeless doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb !

THE JOYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

I HAVE a wish, and it is this, that in some uncouth
glen,

It were my lot to find a spot unknown by selfish men ;
Where I might be securely free, like Eremite of old,
From Worldly guile, from Woman's wile, and Friend-
ships brief and cold ;

And where I might, with stem delight, enjoy the
varied form

Of Nature's mood, in every rude burst of the thun-
dering storm.

Then would my life, lacking fierce strife, glide on in
dreamy gladness,

Nor would I know the cark and woe which come of
this world's madness ;

While in a row, like some poor show, its pageantries
would pass,

Without a sigh, before mine eye, as shadows o'er a
glass :

Nonentity these shadows be,—and yet, good Lord!
 how brave
That knavish rout doth strut and flout, then shrink
 into the grave!

The Wilderness breathes gentleness;—these waters
 bubbling free,
The gallant breeze that stirs the trees, form Heaven's
 own melody;
The far-stretched sky, with its bright eye, pours forth
 a tide of love
On every thing that here doth spring, on all that
 glows above.
But live with man,—his dark heart scan,—its paltry
 selfishness
Will show to thee, why men like me, love the lone
 Wilderness!

A SOLEMN CONCEIT.

STATELY trees are growing,
Lusty winds are blowing,
And mighty rivers flowing
On, for ever on.

As stately forms were growing,
As lusty spirits blowing,
And as mighty fancies flowing
On, for ever on ; —

But there has been leave-taking,
Sorrow and heart-breaking,
And a moan, pale Echo's making,
For the gone, for ever gone !

Lovely stars are gleaming,
Bearded lights are streaming,
And glorious suns are beaming
On, for ever on.

As lovely eyes were gleaming,
As wondrous lights were streaming

And as glorious minds were beaming
On, 'for ever on;—
But there has been soul-sundering,
Wailing, and sad wondering;
For graves grow fat with plundering
The gone, for ever gone!

We see great eagles soaring,
We hear deep oceans roaring,
And sparkling fountains pouring
On, for ever on.
As lofty minds were soaring,
As sonorous voices roaring,
And as sparkling wits were pouring
On, for ever on;—
But, pinions have been shedding,
And voiceless darkness spreading,
Since a measure Death 's been treading
O'er the gone, for ever gone !

Every thing is sundering,
Every one is wondering,
And this huge globe goes thundering,
On, for ever on.

But, 'mid this weary sundering,
Heart-breaking, and sad wondering,
And this huge globe's rude thundering
 On, for ever on,
I would that I were dreaming
Where little flowers are gleaming,
And the long green grass is streaming
 O'er the gone, for ever gone!

THE EXPATRIATED.

No bird is singing
In cloud or on tree,
No eye is beaming
Glad welcome to me ;
The forest is tuneless ;
Its brown leaves fast fall —
Changed and withered, they fleet
Like hollow friends all.

No door is thrown open,
No banquet is spread ;
No hand smooths the pillow
For the Wanderer's head ;
But the eye of distrust
Sternly measures his way,
And glad are the cold lips
That wish him — good day !

Good day ! — I am grateful
For such gentle prayer,

Though scant be the cost
Of that morsel of air.
Will it clothe, will it feed me,
Or rest my worn frame ?
Good day ! wholesome diet,
A proud heart to tame.

Now the sun dusks his glories
Below the blue sea,
And no star its splendor
Deems worthy of me ;
The path I must travel,
Grows dark as my fate,
And nature, like man, can
Wax savage inhate.

My country ! my country !
Though step-dame thou be,
Yet my heart, in its anguish,
Cleaves fondly to thee ;
Still in fancy it lingers
By mountain and stream,
And thy name is the spirit
That rules its wild dream.

This heart loved thee truly,—
And, O ! it bled free,
When it led on to glory
Thy proud chivalry ;
And, O ! it gained much from
Thy prodigal hand,—
The freedom to break in
'The stranger's cold land !

FACTS FROM FAIRYLAND.

'O then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you'

WOULDST thou know of me
Where our dwellings be?
'T is under this hill,
Where the moonbeam chill
Silvers the leaf and brightens the blade,—
'Tis under this mound
Of greenest ground,
That our crystal palaces are made.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our food may be?
'T is the sweetest breath
Which the bright flower hath,
That blossoms in wilderness afar,—
And we sip it up,
In a harebell cup,
By the winking light of the tweering star.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our drink may be ?
'T is the freshest dew,
And the clearest, too,
That ever hung on leaf or flower;
And merry we skink
That wholesome drink,
Thorough the quiet of the midnight hour.

Wouldst thou know of me,
What our pastimes be ?
'T is the hunt and halloo,
The dim greenwood through ;
O, bravely we prance it with hound and horn,
O'er moor and fell,
And hollow dell,
Till the notes of our Woodcraft wake the morn.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our garments be ?
'T is the viewless thread,
Which the gossamers spread
As they float in the cool of a summer eve bright,

And the down of the rose,
Form doublet and hose
For our Squires of Dames on each festal night.

Wouldst thou know of me
When our revelries be ?
'T is in the still night,
When the moonshine white
Glitters in glory o'er land and sea,
That, with nimble foot,
To tabor and flute,
We whirl with our loves round yon glad old tree.

CERTAIN PLEASANT VERSES TO THE LADY OF
MY HEART.

THE murmur of the merry brook,
As gushingly and free
It wimples with its sun-bright look,
Far down yon sheltered lea,
Humming to every drowsy flower
A low, quaint lullaby,
Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,
Of Love and thee.

The music of the gay green wood,
When every leaf and tree
Is coaxed by winds of gentlest mood,
To utter harmony;
And the small birds that answer make
To the wind's fitful glee,
In me most blissful visions wake,
Of Love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,
So soon as it can see

Along the eastern hills, one streak
 Of the Sun's majesty:
Laden with dewy gems, it gleams
 A precious freight to me,
For each pure drop thereon me seems
 A type of thee.

And when, abroad in summer morn,
 I hear the blythe bold bee
Winding aloft his tiny horn,
 (An errant knight perdy,)
That winged hunter of rare sweets
 O'er many a far country,
To me a lay of love repeats,
 Its subject—thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note
 The stars so pensively,
In their mild beauty, onward float
 Through heaven's own silent sea;
My heart is in their voyaging
 To realms where spirits be,
But its mate, in such wandering,
 Is ever thee!

But O, the murmur of the brook,
The music of the tree;
The rose with its sweet shamefast look,
The booming of the bee;
The course of each bright voyager
In heaven's unmeasured sea,
Would not one heart-pulse of me stir,
Loved I not thee!

BENEATH A PLACID BROW.

BENEATH a placid brow.
And tear-unstained check,
To bear as I do now
A heart that well could break ;
To simulate a smile
Amid the wrecks of grief,—
To herd among the vile,
And therein seek relief,—
For the bitterness of thought
Were joyance dearly bought.

When will man learn to bear
His heart nailed on his breast,
With all its lines of care
In nakedness confessed ? —
Why, in this solemn mask
Of passion-wasted life,
Will no one dare the task,
To speak his sorrows rife ? —
Will no one bravely tell,
His bosom is a hell ?

I scorn this hated scene
 Of masking and disguise,
Where men on men still gleam,
 With falseness in their eyes;
Where all is counterfeit,
 And truth hath never say;
Where hearts themselves do cheat,
 Concealing hope's decay.
And writhing at the stake,
 Themselves do liars make.

Go, search thy heart, poor fool!
 And mark its passions well;
'T were time to go to school,—
 'T were time the truth to tell,—
'T were time this world should cast
 Its infant slough away,
And hearts burst forth at last
 Into the light of day;—
'T were time all learned to be
 Fit for Eternity!

THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE CHANT.

To BATTLE ! to battle !
To slaughter and strife !
For a sad, broken Covenant
We barter poor life.
The great God of Judah
Shall smite with our hand,
And break down the idols
That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice
In prayer, and in song;
Remember the battle
Is not to the strong;—
Lo, the Ammonites thicken !
And onward they come,
To the vain noise of trumpet,
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,
With hagbut and spear;

They lust for a banquet
That's deathful and dear.
Now, horseman and footman,
Sweep down the hill-side :
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,
To die in their pride !

See, long plume and pennon
Stream gay in the air ;
They are given us for slaughter,—
Shall God's people spare ?
Nay, nay ; lop them off,—
Friend, father, and son ;
All earth is athirst till
The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,
And lift high the sword !
For biting must blades be
That fight for the Lord.
Remember, remember,
How Saints' blood was shed,
As free as the rain, and
Homes desolate made !

Among them!—among them!
Unburied bones cry;
Avenge us,—or, like us,
Faith's true martyrs die.
Hew, hew down the spoilers!
Slay on, and spare none:
Then shout forth in gladness,
Heaven's battle is won!

TIM THE TACKET.

A Lyrical Ballad, supposed to be written by W. W.



A BARK is lying on the sands,
No rippling wave is sparkling near her;
She seems unmanned of all her hands,—
There 's not a soul on board to steer her!

'T is strange to see a ship-shape thing
Upon a lonely beach thus lying,
While mystic winds for ever sing
Among its shrouds like spirits sighing.

O, can it be a spectre-ship,
Forwearied of the storm and ocean,
That here hath ended its last trip,
And sought repose from ceaseless motion?

I deem amiss: for yonder, see,
A sailor struts in dark-blue jacket,—
A little man with face of glee,—
His neighbors call him Tim the Tacket.

I know him well; the master he
Of a small bark,—an Irish coaster;
His heart is like the ocean, free,
And like the breeze his tongue 's a boaster.

He is a father, too, I 'm told,
Of children ten, and some say twenty;
But it 's no matter, he 's grown old,
And, ten or more, he has got plenty !

List ! now he sings a burly stave
Of waves and winds and shipwrecks many,
Of flying fish and dolphins brave,
Of mermaids lovely but uncanny.

Right oft, I ween, he joys to speak
Of slim maids in the green waves dancing,
Or singing in some lonesome creek,
While kembing locks like sunbeams glancing.

O, he hath tales of wondrous things
Spied in the vast and gousty ocean;
Of monstrous fish, whose giant springs
Give to the seas their rocking motion;

And serpents huge whose rings embrace
Some round leagues of the great Pacific ;
And men of central Ind, sans face,
But not on that head less terrific !

Lo ! he hath lit a brown cigar,
A special, smooth-skinned, real Havannah ;
And swirling smoke he puffs afar, —
'T is sweet to him as desert manna !

Away, away the reek doth go,
In wiry thread or heavy volume ;
Now black, now blue, gold, gray, or snow
In color, and in height a column !

His little eyes, deep-set, and hedged
All round and round with bristles hoary,
Do twinkle like a hawk's new-fledged, —
Sure he hath dreams of marvellous glory !

Well, I would rather be that wight,
Contented, puffing, midst his tackling,
Than star-gemmed lord or gartered knight,
In masquerade or senate cackling.

He suns his limbs upon the deck,
He hears the music of the ocean ;
He lives not on another's beck,
He pines not after court promotion.

He is unto himself,—he is
A little world within another ;
And furthermore he knoweth this,
That all mankind to him is brother.

He sings his songs, and smokes his weed,
He spins his yarn of monstrous fables,
He cracks his biscuit, and at need
Can soundly sleep on coiled-up cables.

Although the sea be sometimes rough,
His bark is stout, its rudder steady,
At other whiles 't is calm enough,
And buxom as a gentle lady.

In sooth, too, 't is a pleasant thing,
To sail, and feel the sea-breeze blowing
About one's cheek,—O ! such doth bring
Full many a free-born thought and glowing.

For who upon the deep, deep sea,
Ere dwelt and saw its great breast heaving,
But, by a kindred sympathy,
Felt his own heart its trammels leaving ?

The wide and wild, the strange and grand,
Commingle with his inmost spirit ;
He feels a riddance from the land,—
A boundlessness he may inherit.

Good night, thou happy, ancient man !
Farewell, thou mariner so jolly !
I pledge thee in this social can,
Thou antipode of melancholy !

THE WITCHES' JOYS.

WHEN night winds rave
O'er the fresh scooped grave,
And the dead therein that lie,
Glare upward to the sky ;
When gibbering imps sit down,
To feast on lord or clown,
And tear the shroud away
From their lithe and pallid prey ;
Then clustering close, how grim
They munch each withered limb !
Or quarrel for dainty rare,
The lip of lady fair, —
The tongue of high-born dame,
That never would defame,
And was of scandal free
As any mute could be !
Or suck the tintless cheek
Of maiden mild and meek ;

And when in revel rout
They kick peeled skulls about,
And shout in maddest mirth,—
These dull toys awed the earth!

O then, O then, O then,
We hurry forth amain;
For with such eldritch cries,
Begin our revelries!

II.

When the murderer's blanched corse
Swings with a sighing hoarse
From gibbet and from chain,
As the bat sucks out his brain,
And the owlet pecks his eyes,
And the wild fox gnaws his thighs;
While the raven croaks with glee,
Lord of the dead man's tree;
And rocked on that green skull,
With sated look and dull,
In gloomy pride looks o'er
The waste and wildered moor,
And dreams some other day
Shall bring him fresher prey;

When over bog and fen,
To lure wayfaring men,
Malicious spirits trail
A ground fire thin and pale,
Which the belated wight
Pursues the live-long night,
Till in the treacherous ground
An unmade grave is found,—

O then, O then, O then,
We hurry forth amain,
Ha ! ha ! his feeble cries
Begin our revelries.

III.

When the spirits of the North
Hurl howling tempests forth ;
When seas of lightning flare,
And thunders choke the air ;
When the ocean starts to life,
To madness, horror, strife,
And the goodly bark breaks up,
Like ungirded drinking cup,
And each stately mast is split
In some rude thunder-fit ;

And, like feather on the foam,
Float shattered plank and boom ;
When, midst the tempest's roar,
Pale listeners on the shore
Hear the curse and shriek of men,
As they sink and rise again
On the gurly billow's back,
And their strong broad breast-bones crack
On the iron-ribbed coast,
As back to hell they 're tossed,—
 O then, O then, O then,
 We hurry forth again !
For amid such lusty cries,
Begin our revelries.

IV.

When aged parents flee
The noble wreck to see,
And mark their sons roll in
Through foam and thundering din,
All mottled black and blue,—
Their very lips cut through
In the agony of death,
While drifting on their path ;

When gentle maidens stand
Upon the wreck-rich strand,
And every laboring wave
That doth their small feet lave,
Gives them a ghastly lover
To wring their white hands over,
And tear their spray-wet hair
In the madness of despair ;
O then, O then, O then,
We hurry home amain ;
For their heart-piercing cries,
Shame our wild revelries !

A SABBATH SUMMER NOON.

THE calmness of this noontide hour,
The shadow of this wood,
The fragrance of each wilding flower,
Are marvellously good;
O, here crazed spirits breathe the balm
Of nature's solitude !

It is a most delicious calm
That resteth everywhere,—
The holiness of soul-sung psalm,
Of felt but voiceless prayer!
With hearts too full to speak their bliss,
God's creatures silent are.

They silent are; but not the less,
In this most tranquil hour
Of deep unbroken dreaminess,
They own that Love and Power
Which, like the softest sunshine, rests
On every leaf and flower.

How silent are the song-filled nests
That crowd this drowsy tree,—
How mute is every feathered breast
That swelled with melody!
And yet bright bead-like eyes declare
This hour is ecstasy.

Heart forth! as uncaged bird through air,
And mingle in the tide
Of blessed things, that, lacking care,
Now full of beauty glide
Around thee, in their angel hues
Of joy and sinless pride.

Here, on this green bank that o'er-views
The far retreating glen,
Beneath the spreading beech-tree muse,
On all within thy ken;
For lovelier scene shall never break
On thy dimmed sight again,

Slow stealing from the tangled brake
That skirts the distant hill,
With noiseless hoof two bright fawns make

For yonder lapsing rill ;
Meek children of the forest gloom,
Drink on, and fear no ill !

And buried in the yellow broom
That crowns the neighboring height,
Couches a loutish shepherd groom,
With all his flocks in sight ;
Which dot the green braes gloriously,
With spots of living light.

It is a sight that filleth me
With meditative joy,
To mark these dumb things curiously,
 Crowd round their guardian boy ;
As if they felt this Sabbath hour
Of bliss lacked all alloy.

I bend me towards the tiny flower,
That underneath this tree
Opens its little breast of sweets
In meekest modesty,
And breathes the eloquence of love
In muteness, Lord ! to thee.

There is no breath of wind to move
The flag-like leaves, that spread
Their grateful shadow far above
This turf-supported head ;
All sounds are gone,—all murmurings
With living nature wed.

The babbling of the clear well-springs,
The whisperings of the trees,
And all the cheerful jargonings
Of feathered hearts at ease ;
That whilome filled the vocal wood,
Have hushed their minstrelsies.

The silentness of night doth brood
O'er this bright summer noon ;
And nature, in her holiest mood,
Doth all things well attune
To joy, in the religious dreams
Of green and leafy June.

Far down the glen in distance gleams
The hamlet's tapering spire,
And, glittering in meridial beams,

Its vane is tongued with fire ;
And hark how sweet its silvery bell, —
And hark the rustic choir !

The holy sounds float up the dell
To fill my ravished ear,
And now the glorious anthems swell
Of worshippers sincere, —
Of hearts bowed in the dust, that shed
Faith's penitential tear.

Dear Lord ! thy shadow is forth spread
On all mine eye can see ;
And filled at the pure fountain-head
Of deepest piety,
My heart loves all created things,
And travels home to thee.

Around me while the sunshine flings
A flood of mocky gold,
My chastened spirit once more sings,
As it was wont of old,
That lay of gratitude which burst
From young heart uncontrolled.

When in the midst of nature nursed,
Sweet influences fell
On chidly hearts that were athirst,
Like soft dews in the bell
Of tender flowers, that bowed their heads,
And breathed a fresher smell.

So, even now this hour hath sped
In rapturous thought o'er me.
Feeling myself with nature wed,—
A holy mystery,—
A part of earth, a part of heaven,
A part, great God! of Thee.

Fast fade the cares of life's dull sweven,
They perish as the weed,
While unto me the power is given,
A moral deep to read
In every silent throe of mind
External beauties breed.

A MONODY.

I.

Hour after hour
Day after day,
Some gentle flower
Or leaf gives way
Within the bower
Of human hearts;
Tear after tear
In anguish starts,
For, green or sere,
Some loved leaf parts
From the arb're
Of human hearts;—
The keen winds blow;
Rain, hail, and snow
Fall ~~susy~~ where!
And one by one,
As life's sands run,
These loved things fare,
Till plundered hearts at last are won
To woo despair.

II.

Why linger on,
Fate's mockery here,
When each is gone,
Heart-loved, heart-dear ?
Stone spells to stone
Its weary tale,
How graves were filled,
How cheeks waxed pale,
How hearts were chilled
With biting gale,
And life's strings thrilled
With sorrow's wail.
Flower follows flower
In the heart's bower,
To fleet away ;
While leaf on leaf,
Sharp grief on grief,—
Night ~~comes~~ in day,
Tell as they fall, all joy is brief,
Life but decay.

III.

The sea-weed thrown
By wave or wind,

On strand unknown,
Lone grave to find;
Methinks may own,
Of kindred more
Than I dare claim
On life's bleak shore.
Name follows name
For evermore,
As swift waves shame
Slow waves before;—
For keen winds blow;
Rain, hail, and snow
Fall everywhere,
Till life's sad tree,
In mockery,
Skeletoned bare
Of every leaf, is left to be
Mate of despair.

IV.

The world is wide,
Is rich and fair,
Its things of pride
Flaunt everywhere;

But can it hide
 Its hollowness?
One mighty shell
 Of bitterness,
One grand farewell
 To happiness,
One solemn knell
 To love's caress,
It seems to me.

The shipless sea
 Hath bravery more
Than this waste scene,
Where what hath been
 Beloved of yore,
In the heart's bower so fresh and green,
 Fades evermore!

v.

From all its kind,
 This wasted heart —
'This moody mind
 Now drifts apart!
It longs to find
 The tideless shore,

Where rests the wreck
Of Heretofore,—
The glorious wreck
Of mental ore;
The great heartbreak
Of loves no more.
I drift alone,
For all are gone
Dearest to me;
And hail the wave
That to the grave
On hurrieth me:
Welcome, thrice welcome, then, thy wave,
Eternity!

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of Beauty,
Song, and Flowers;

They come; the gladsome months that bring thick
leafiness to bowers.

Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling care and
care aside,

Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters
glide;

Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt
tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand,
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet
and bland;

The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously,
It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and
welcome thee:

And mark how with thine own thin locks,—they
now are silvery gray,—

That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering
‘Be gay!’

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon
sky,

But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody :
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleam-
ing like red gold,

And hark ! with shrill pipe musical, their merry
course they hold.

God bless them all, these little ones, who far above
this earth,

Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler
mirth.

But soft ! mine ear upcaught a sound, from yonder
wood it came !

The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his
own glad name ; —

Yes, it is he ! the hermit bird, that apart from all his
kind,

Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western
wind ;

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! he sings again, — his notes are
void of art,

But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts
of the heart !

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed
wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this
summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little souls
away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreamis of youth's bright
summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless
truant boy,
Wandered through green woods all day long, a mighty
heart of joy!

I 'm sadder now, I have had cause; but O! I 'm
proud to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight
to drink;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm
unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days
gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me
dark and cold,
I 'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—a heart that
hath waxed old!

CHANGE SWEEPETH OVER ALL.

CHANGE sweepeth over all !

In showers leaves fall
From the tall forest tree ;
On to the sea
Majestic rivers roll.
It is their goal.

Each speeds to perish in man's simple seeming, —
Each disappears :

One common end o'ertakes life's idle dreaming,
Dust, darkness, tears !

Day hurries to its close :

The sun that rose
A miracle of light,
Yieldeth to night ;
The skirt of one vast pall
O'ershadows all,

Yon firmamental cresset lights forth shining,
Heaven's highest born !

Droop on their thrones, and, like pale spirits pining,
Vanish with morn.

O'er cities of old days,
Dumb creatures graze ;
Palace and pyramid
In dust are hid ;
Yea, the sky-searching tower
Stands but its hour.

Oceans their wide-stretched beds are ever shifting,
Sea turns to shore,
And stars and systems through dread space are drifting,
To shine no more.

Names perish that erst smote
Nations remote,
With panic, fear, or wrong ;
Heroic song
Grapples with time in vain ;
On to the main
Of dim forgetfulness for ever rolling,
Earth's bubbles burst ;
Time o'er the wreck of ages sternly tolling
The last accursed.

The world is waxing old,
Heaven dull and cold ;

Nought lacketh here a close
Save human woes.
Yet they too have an end,—
Death is man's friend:
Doomed for a while, his heart must go on breaking
Day after day,
But light, love, life,—all,—all at last forsaking,
Clay clasps eth clay !

S O N G S .

SONGS.

O, WAE BE TO THE ORDERS.

O wae be to the orders that marched my luve awa',
And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears
doun fa',

O wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie,
For they hae ta'en my luve, and left a broken heart
to me.

The drums beat in the mornin' afore the sciech o' day,
And the wee wee fifes piped loud and shrill, while yet
the morn was gray;

The bonnie flags were a' unfurled, a gallant sight to
see,

But waes me for my sodger lad that marched to
Germanie.

O, lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie Pier o' Leith,
O dreich it is to gang on foot wi' the snaw-drift in
the teeth !

And O, the cauld wind froze the tear that gathered in
my e'e,

When I gade there to see my luve embark for Ger-
manie !

I looked ower the braid blue sea, sae long as could be
seen

Ac wee bit sail upon the ship that mysodger lad was in ;
But the wind was blawin' sair and snell, and the ship
sailed speedilie,

And the waves and cruel wars hae twinned my win-
some luve frae me.

I never think o' dancin, and I downa try to sing,
But a' the day I spier what news kind neibour bodies
bring ;

I sometimes knit a stocking, if knittin' it may be,
Syne for every loop that I cast on, I am sure to let
doun three.

My father says I 'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me,
And bans me for a daudit wean, in dorts for aye to be ;
But little weet they o' the cause that drumless sae my e'e :
O they hae nae winsome luve like mine in the wars
o' Germanie !

WEARIE'S WELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the brume bank
And looked in the burn,
But sidelong we looked on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;
The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought
Above or around;

We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my e'e,
Ana they drapt on your wee loof,—
A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter's snaw 's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea;
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

Ye 've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luve sac
As mine luvit thee?
Ye 'll get biggings and mailins,
And monie braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever,
My first luve and last,
May thy joys be to come,—
Mine live in the past
In sorrow and sadness,
This hour fa's on me;
But light, as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee!

SONG OF THE DANISH SEA-KING.

OUR bark is on the waters deep, our bright blade 's
in our hand,
Our birthright is the ocean vast,—we scorn the
girdled land;
And the hollow wind is our music brave, and none
can bolder be
'Than the hoarse-tongued tempest raving o'er a proud
and swelling sea !

OUR bark is dancing on the waves, its tall masts quiv-
ering bend
Before the gale, which hails us now with the hollo of
a friend;
And its prow is slicing merrily the upcurled billow's
foam,
While our hearts, with throbbing gladness, cheer old
Ocean as our home !

OUR eagle-wings of might we stretch before the gal-
lant wind,
And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim mean
speck behind ;

We shoot into the untracked deep, as earth-freed
spirits soar,
Like stars of fire through boundless space,—through
realms without a shore !

Lords of this wide-spread wilderness of waters, we
bound free,
The haughty elements alone dispute our sovereignty ;
No landmark doth our freedom let, for no law of man
can mete
The sky which arches o'er our head,—the waves
which kiss our feet !

The warrior of the land may back the wild horse, in
his pride ;
But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast,—the un-
tamed ocean tide ;
And a nobler tilt our bark careers, as it quells the
saucy wave,
While the Herald storm peals o'er the deep the
glories of the brave.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the wind is up,—it bloweth fresh
and free,
And every cord instinct with life, pipes loud its fear-
less glee ;

Big swell the bosomed sails with joy, and they madly
kiss the spray,
As proudly, through the foaming surge, the Sea-King
bears away! ·

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED ! a steed of matchlesse speed,
A sword of metal keene !
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane.
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come ;
And O ! the thundering presse of knightes
Whenas their war cryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte ! then mounte, brave gallants, all,
And don your helmes amaine :
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honor, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt 's in our hand, —
Heart whole we 'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land ;

Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to dic !

THE MERRY GALLANT

THE Merry Gallant girds his sword,
And dons his helm in mickle glee;
He leaves behind his lady love
For tented fields and deeds which prove
Stout hardiment and constancy.

When round him rings the din of arms,—
The notes of high-born chivalry,
He thinks not of his bird in bower,
And scorns to own Love's tyrant power
Amid the combats of the Free.

Yet in the midnight watch, I trow,
When cresset lights all feebly burn,
Will hermit Fancy sometimes roam
With eager travel back to home,
Where smiles and tears await — return.

' Away! away!' he boldly sings,
 ' Be thrown those thoughts which cling to me;
That mournful look and glistering eye,—
That quivering lip and broken sigh;—
 Why fill each shrine of memory ?

' O, that to-morrow's dawn would rise
 To light me on my path of glory,
Where I may pluck from niggard fame
Her bravest laurels,— and the name
 That long shall live in minstrel story !

' Then, when my thirst for fame is dead,
 Soft love may claim his wonted due;
But now when levelled lances gleam,
And chargers snort, and banners stream,
 To lady's love a long adieu !'

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

ENDEARING ! endearing !

Why so endearing
Are those dark lustrous eyes,
Through their silk fringes peering ?
They love me ! they love me ;
Deeply, sincerely ;
And more than aught else on earth,
I love them dearly.

Endearing ! endearing !

Why so endearing
Glows the glad sunny smile
On thy soft check appearing ?
It brightens ! it brightens !
As I am nearing ;
And 't is thus that thy fond smile
Is ever endearing.

Endearing ! endearing !

Why so endearing

Is that lute breathing voice
Which my rapt soul is hearing?
'T is singing, 't is singing,
Thy deep love for me,
And my faithful heart echoes
Devotion to thee.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing,
At each Passage of Arms
Is the herald's bold cheering?
'T is then thou art kneeling
With pure hands to heaven,
And each prayer of thy heart
For my good lance is given.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Is the fillet of silk
That my right arm is wearing?
Once it veiled the bright bosom
That beats but for me;
Now it circles the arm that
Wins glory for thee!

THE TROOPER'S DITTY.

Boot, boot into the stirrup, lads,
And hand once more on rein ;
Up, up into the saddle, lads,
A-field we ride again :
One cheer, one cheer for dame or dear,
No leisure now to sigh,
God bless them all,— we have their prayers,
And they our hearts,— ‘ Good-bye ! ’
Off, off we ride, in reckless pride,
As gallant troopers may,
Who have old scores to settle, and
Long slashing swords to pay.

The trumpet calls,— ‘ trot out, trot out,’ —
We cheer the stirring sound ;
Swords forth, my lads, — through smoke and
dust
We thunder o'er the ground.
Tramp, tramp, we go through sulphury clouds,
That blind us while we sing, —

Woe worth the knave who follows not
The banner of the King;
But luck befall each trooper tall,
That cleaves to saddle-tree,
Whose long sword carves on rebel sconce,
The rights of Majesty.

Spur on, my lads; the trumpet sounds
Its last and stern command,—
'A charge! a charge!'—an ocean burst
Upon a stormy strand.
Ha! ha! how thickly on our casques
Their pop-guns rattle shot;
Spur on, my lads, we'll give it them
As sharply as we've got.
Now for it:—now, bend to the work,—
Their lines begin to shake;
Now, through and through them,—bloody lanes
Our flashing sabres make!

'Cut one,—cut two,—first point,' and then
We'll parry as we may;
On, on the knaves, and give them steel
In bellyfuls to-day.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Church and State,
For Country and for Crown,
We slash away, and right and left
Hew rogues and rebels down.
Another cheer! the field is clear,
The day is all our own;
Done like our sires,—done like the swords
God gives to guard the Throne!

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!



He is gone ! he is gone !
Like the leaf from the tree ;
Or the down that is blown
By the wind o'er the lea.
He is fled, the light-hearted !
Yet a tear must have started
To his eye, when he parted
From love-stricken me !

He is fled : he is fled !
Like a gallant so free,
Plumed cap on his head,
And sharp sword by his knee ;
While his gay feathers fluttered,
Surely something he muttered,
He at least must have uttered
A farewell to me !

He 's away ! he 's away
To far lands o'er the sea, —

And long is the day
Ere home he can be;
But where'er his steed prances,
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he 'll think of the glances
That love stole from me!

He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree;
But his heart is of stone
If it ne'er dream of me!
For I dream of him ever:
His buff-coat and beaver,
And long sword, O, never
Are absent from me!

THE FORESTER'S CAROL.

LUSTY Hearts ! to the wood, to the merry green wood,
While the dew with strung pearls loads each blade,
And the first blush of dawn brightly streams o'er the
lawn,
Like the smile of a rosy-cheeked maid.

Our horns with wild music ring glad through each
shaw,
And our broad arrows rattle amain ;
For the stout bows we draw, to the green woods give
law,
And the Might is the Right once again !

Mark yon herds, as they brattle and brush down the
glade ;
Pick the fat, let the lean rascals go,
Under favor 't is meet that we tall men should eat, —
Nock a shaft and strike down that proud doe !

Well delivered, parfay ! convulsive she leaps,—
One bound more,—then she drops on her side ;
Our steel hath bit smart the life-strings of her heart,
And cold now lies the green forest's pride.

Hcave her up, and away !—should any base churl
Dare to ask why we range in this wood,
There 's a keen arrow yare, in each broad belt to
spare,
That will answer the knave in his blood !

Then forward, my Hearts ! like the bold reckless
breeze
Our life shall whirl on in mad glee ;
The long bows we bend, to the world's latter end,
Shall be borne by the hands of the Free !

MAY MORN SONG.

THE grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree,
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly ;
The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
And cheerily the blythesome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.
'T is early prime ;
And hark ! hark ! hark !
His merry chime
Chirrups the lark :
Chirrup ! chirrup ! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love ! and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough ;
They 'll give fresh lustre to the bloom,
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.

O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood
 Aurora's smiles are streaming free ;
 With earth it seems brave holyday,
 In heaven it looks high jubilee.

And it is right,
 For mark, love, mark !

How bathed in light
 Chirrups the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! he upward flies,
 Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart, who cannot feel
 The voice of heaven within them thrill,
 In summer morn, when mounting high
 This merry minstrel sings his fill.

Now let us seek yon bosky dell
 Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,
 And where its clear stream murmurs on,
 Meet type of our love's purity ;

No witness there,
 And o'er us hark !

High in the air
 Chirrups the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! away soars he,
 Bearing to heaven my vows to thee !

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die,
And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
Thy once bright eye ;
But, look on me, the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell !

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,
Thy step is sad and slow,
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst did know ;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell !

It seems as 't were but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,

When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell !

'T was not in cold and measured phrase
We gave our passion name ;
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our heart's fond flame
And long imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell !

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doomed lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so !
Farewell !

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
There 's yet some touch of bliss,

Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss:
Despair, and love, and madness, meet
In this, in this.
Farewell!

IN THE QUIET AND SOLEMN NIGHT.

In the quiet and solemn night,
When the moon is silvery bright,
Then the screech-owl's eerie cry
Mocks the beauties of the sky :

Tu whit, tu whoo,
Its wild halloo
Doth read a drowsy homily.

From yon old castle's chimneys tall,
The bat on leathern sail doth fall
In wanton-wise to skim the earth,
And flout the mouse that gave it birth.

Tu whit, tu whoo,
That wild halloo
Hath marred the little monster's mirth.

Fond lovers seek the dewy vale,
That swimmeth in the moonshine pale ;

But maids! beware, when in your ear
The screech-owl screams so loud and clear:
 Tu whit, tu whoo,
 Its wild halloo
Doth speak of danger lurking near.

It bids beware of murmured sigh,
Of air-spun oath and wistful eye;
Of star that winks to conscious flower
Through the roof of leaf-clad bower:
 Tu whit, tu whoo,
 That wild halloo
Bids startled virtue own its power!

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

WHEN shadows o'er the landscape creep,
And twinkling stars pale vigils keep ;
When flower-cups all with dewdrops gleam,
And moonshine floweth like a stream ;

 Then is the hour
That hearts which love no longer dream, —
 Then is the hour
That the voice of love is a spell of power !

When shamefaced moonbeams kiss the lake,
And amorous leaves sweet music wake ;
When slumber steals o'er every eye,
And Dian's self shines drowsily ;

 Then is the hour
That hearts which love with rapture sigh, —
 Then is the hour
That the voice of love is a spell of power !

When surly mastiffs stint their howl,
And swathed in moonshine nods the owl ;

When cottage-hearths are glimmering low,
And warder cocks forget to crow;

Then is the hour

That hearts feel passion's overflow,—

Then is the hour

That the voice of love is a spell of power!

When stilly night seems earth's vast grave,
Nor murmur comes from wood or wave;
When land and sea, in wedlock bound
By silence, sleep in bliss profound;

Then is the hour

That hearts like living well-springs sound,—

Then is the hour

That the voice of love is a spell of power!

AWAY! AWAY! O, DO NOT SAY.

Away! away! O, do not say
He can prove false to me:
Let me believe but this brief day
In his fidelity;
Tell me, that rivers backward flow,
That unsunned snows like fire-brands glow,
I may believe that lay,
But never can believe that he
Is false and fled away.

Ill acted part! ill acted part!
I knew his noble mind,
He could not break a trusting heart,
Nor leave his love behind;
Tell me yon sun will cease to rise,
Or stars at night to gem the skies,
I may believe such lay;
But never can believe that he
Is false and fled away.

Can it be so? O, surely no!
Must I perforce believe
That he I loved and trusted so,
 Vowed only to deceive?
Heap coals of fire on this lone head,
Or in pure pity strike me dead,—
 'T were kindness, on the day
That tells me one I loved so well,
 Is false,—is fled away!

O, AGONY! KEEN AGONY.



O, AGONY! keen agony,
For trusting heart, to find
That vows believed, were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

O, agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

O, agony! deep agony,
For heart that 's proud and high,
To learn of fate how desolate
It may be ere it die.

O, agony! sharp agony,
To find how loth to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart!

THE SERENADE.

WAKE, lady, wake !
Dear heart, awake
From slumbers light ;
For 'neath thy bower, at this still hour,
In harness bright,
Lingers thine own true paramour,
And chosen knight !
Wake, lady, wake !

Wake, lady, wake !
For thy loved sake,
Each trembling star
Smiles from on high with its clear eye,
While nobler far
Yon silvery shield lights earth and sky ;
How good they are !
Wake, lady, wake !

Rise, lady, rise !
Not star-filled skies
I worship now,
A fairer shrine I trust is mine
For loyal vow :

O that the living stars would shine
That light thy brow !
Rise, lady, rise !

Rise, lady, rise
Ere war's rude cries
Fright land and sea !
To-morrow's light sees mail-sheathed knight,
Even hapless me,
Careering through the bloody fight
Afar from thee !
Rise, lady, rise !

Mute, lady, mute ?
I have no lute,
Nor rebeck small
To soothe thine ear with lay sincere,
Or madrigal ;
With helm on head and hand on spear,
On thee I call !
Mute, lady, mute !

Mute, lady, mute
To love's foud suit ?

I'll not complain,
Since underneath thy balmy breath
I may remain
One brief hour more ere I seek death
On battle plain!
Mute, lady, mute!

Sleep, lady, sleep!
While watch I keep
Till dawn of day:
But o'er the wold now morning cold
Shines icy gray;
While the plain gleams with steel and gold,
And chargers neigh!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

Sleep, lady, sleep!
Nor wake to weep
For heart-struck me:
These trumpets knell my last farewell
To love and thee!
When next they sound, 't will be to tell
I died for thee!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

COULD LOVE IMPART.

COULD love impart,
By nicest art,
To speechless rocks a tongue,—
Their theme would be,
Beloved, of thee,—
Thy beauty, all their song.

And, clerklike, then,
With sweet amen,
Would echo from each hollow
Reply all day;
While gentle fay,
With merry whoop, would follow.

Had roses sense
On no pretence
Would they their buds unroll;
For, could they speak,
'T was from thy cheek
Their daintiest blush they stole.

Had lilies eyes,
With glad surprise,

They'd own themselves outdone,
When thy pure brow
And neck of snow,
Gleamed in the morning sun.

Could shining brooks,
By amorous looks
Be taught a voice so rare,
Then, every sound
That murmured round,
Would whisper, 'Thou art fair!'

Could winds be fraught
With pensive thought
At midnight's solemn hour,
Then every wood,
In gleeful mood,
Would own thy beauty's power!

And could the sky
Behold thine eye,
So filled with love and light,
In jealous haste,
Thou soon wert placed
To star the cope of Night!

THE PARTING.

O ! is it thus we part,
And thus we say farewell,
As if in neither heart
Affection c'er did dwell ?
And is it thus we sunder
Without or sigh or tear,
As if it were a wonder
We e'er held other dear ?

We part upon the spot,
With cold and clouded brow,
Where first it was our lot
To breathe love's fondest vow !
The vow both then did tender
Within this hallowed shade, —
That vow, we now surrender,
Heart-bankrupts both are made !

Thy hand is cold as mine,
As lustreless thine eye ;

Thy bosom gives no sign
That it could ever sigh !
Well, well ! adieu 's soon spoken,
'T is but a parting phrase,
Yet said, I fear, heart-broken
We 'll live our after days !

Thine eye no tear will shed,
Mine is as proudly dry ;
But many an aching head
Is ours before we die !
From pride we both can borrow,—
To part we both may dare,—
But the heart-break of to-morrow,
Nor you nor I can bear !

LOVE'S DIET.

TELL me, fair maid, tell me truly,
How should infant love be fed ;
If with dewdrops, shed so newly
On the bright green clover blade ;
Or, with roses plucked in July,
And with honey liquored ?
O, no ! O, no !
Let roses blow,
And dew-stars to green blade cling :
Other fare,
More light and rare,
Befits that gentlest nursling.

Feed him with the sigh that rushes
'Twixt sweet lips, whose muteness speaks,
With the eloquence that flushes
All a heart's wealth o'er soft cheeks ;
Feed him with a world of blushes,
And the glance that shuns, yet seeks :

For 't is with food,
So light and good,
That the Spirit child is fed ;
And with the tear
Of joyous fear
That the small Elf's liquored.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully ! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by :
It speaks a tale of other years,—
Of hopes that bloomed to die,—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie !

Mournfully ! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan ;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone :
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon,—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully ! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,

With its quaint pensive minstrelsy
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom,—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

LINES GIVEN TO A FRIEND A DAY OR TWO BEFORE THE DECEASE OF THE WRITER.

OCTOBER, 1835.

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,

Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more ?

Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore ?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
Sad music make ;

When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Like full hearts break,

Will there then one whose heart despair is crushing
Mourn for my sake ?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,

And the small flowers their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay ;

Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day ?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
 On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
 Its loneliness crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
 Pacing it round?

It may be so,— but this is selfish sorrow
 To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
 From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
 Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling
 Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
 Let no tear start;
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling—
 Sad one, depart!

E. E.

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